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NEW STATESMAN

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Redeeming the Rhodesian Record

There is a small historical irony in the tone and argument of those (like the *Daily Telegraph*) who are currently urging a policy of 'caution' on Rhodesia. It is not very long ago that the same Tory quarters believed that no situation was too intractable for a further injection of British soldiers, money or colonial governors. Right up until the end in Aden they learnt nothing from experience (and even now believe that there is no theoretical limit to British military presence in Ulster). But this record of pig-headedness should not daunt those on the Left who, apparently out of character, are now demanding that Her Majesty's Government should hold to its obligations in Africa. The difference is a simple one. The inhabitants of Palestine, Cyprus, Kenya, and Southern Arabia had no desire to live under British rule, and had not been consulted about its continuation. Whenever they were able to express themselves openly, they voted and spoke against colonial government. The people of Rhodesia/Zimbabwe wish for no more than self-government, and ask no more than that Britain keep its promise to secure a decent post-imperial settlement. That promise, so often and so unequivocally made, cannot be broken now. The time has come to redeem it in full.

Since the settler regime hijacked the country in 1965 (with a supine Harold Wilson looking on – but maintaining an army in Aden) all its boasts and promises have been vitiated. If Mr Smith ever believed his own propaganda about happy Africans and terrorist minorities – propaganda which certainly took in a few of our home-bred Conservatives – he has implicitly and explicitly repudiated it now.

The whole point of the Kissinger deal, and the subsequent Geneva talks, is that the Rhodesian Front has admitted defeat in name. It cannot denounce Mr Mugabe and Mr Nkomo as unrepresentative riff-raff while at the same time negotiating with them about a transition to independence. All arguments to that effect since UDI have been retrospectively abolished (and much of the *Daily Telegraph*'s leader columns along with them). So at least the grammar of the argument is clear. Majority rule has been conceded in principle but is being stalled in practice. As night follows day, no African leader can seriously promise to abandon the armed struggle and hope to keep his credibility. The resulting war, if it were allowed to take place, would infallibly draw in other countries and lead to a racial cataclysm. Is it, then, too much to expect the Labour government to stir itself?

Mr Crosland has approached the Geneva conference and its participants like a weary scoutmaster with a troublesome troop of cubs. His attitude, and the general Foreign Office view so far as it can be divined, is one of a reluctant and patronising willingness to lend a hand if, ultimately, it proves absolutely necessary. This policy is utterly wrong and indefensible. We are pledged to Rhodesia and its people. It is the last chance that Britain (and Labour) will ever have to act as a real force for democratic change on the world stage. It would be tragic if it went the way of our other overseas adventures, and this time there is no necessary reason why it should.

There are several steps which could be taken at once. The first would have to be the appointment of a Governor-General. There should be no repetition of the Humphrey Gibbs fiasco, and no short-term dash to Salisbury by another Lord Goodman either. What is needed is a politician of stature, with African experience, who knows the facts of life and is prepared to be ruthless with those who do not. It may sound incongruous, but there would certainly be advantages in placing a Tory in the job. For one thing, it would cement the dubious commitment of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition; for another, it would offer a chance of separating the more sensible and humane settlers from the hegemony of Smith. But above all, if taken together with a British commander of security forces – already racially mixed to some extent – it would show that Britain meant business. That is what should be dinned into Mr Smith at Geneva this week.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

So They Say

One of the regular features of this paper, in the days of (ah!) Kingsley Martin and S. L. Bensusan, was a little item called 'So They Say', in which dramatically contradictory press accounts of recent events were juxtaposed without comment. The feature was dropped as the number of newspapers and editions fell, but one feels it could almost now be revived, so odd are the ways of the press. I am increasingly exercised, for instance, about *The Times*, which ran three very interesting stories on Tuesday and managed to get all three, as one used to say, arsey-turvey.

The first was headlined: 'Mr Powell cannot be prosecuted.' And no doubt *Times* readers were very relieved to hear it. Yet the more astucious of them, examining the text of the story, will have noticed that while the Attorney-General was indeed saying in his letter that Powell could not be prosecuted under the old Act for making his 'alien wedge' speech last October, under the new Act he almost certainly could be. This was the thrust of the Attorney's letter and the theme of the *Mail*'s lead story of the same day. A more appropriate headline for the *Times* story would have been: 'Mr Powell can now be prosecuted.' (That is, if he makes the speech again.)

The second story began with a flourish: 'Mr Heath stirred up no difficulties for Mrs Thatcher when he spoke about Scottish devolution in Glasgow last night.' There's an element of bravado here. It's rather as if one had written: 'The arrival of the Spanish armada stirred up no difficulties for Queen Elizabeth last night.' For indeed the Heath speech has created enormous difficulties, not only for Thatcher but also for her main Scottish spokesman Alick Buchanan-Smith. The latter is finding it difficult to obey the dictates of his conscience without appearing to join a Heath rebellion within the party. The former has lost the benefits of apparent party unity which were such a cheering feature of this year's Brighton conference.

The third interesting story was the leading item in the paper: 'Minister hints that Healey curbs will not touch VAT.' Wot no VAT increases? and leaked in advance? The story caused a great flutter in the BBC, while Peter Preston, the *Guardian*'s impressionable young editor, fired off messages to his staff: 'TIMES HAS HEALEY NONO VAT INCREASE HINT WHY WE NONO HAVE NONO VAT INCREASE HINT QUERY ENDIT' (This is the new-style *Guardian*, which is aiming to capture the *Express* and *Mail* market). And the answer? No such hint had been given. Robert Sheldon, a Treasury minister, had been explaining why the July measures had eschewed any increase in VAT. He was asked by the Tory MP David Mitchell, 'In condemning a VAT increase in this case, is the Financial Secretary saying that there is no increase in the pipeline already?' The reply was quite clear:

> The hon. Member knows better than to ask questions of that kind. He knows that these matters are before the House as a result of measures announced last July.

In other words, nothing to do with the possible increase in VAT now being discussed in the cabinet.

But it is indeed difficult to follow what the Government is up to at the moment, since the Treasury briefs on which the July measures were presented have, like the measures themselves, a distinctly dated air. The July measures! Remember those heady days, when Healey was still talking about making room for the boom, and before Callaghan had fully developed his 'Bad times just around the corner' *leitmotif*. When the optimism of Number 11 outshone the pessimism of Number 10. Ah yes, those salad days, before the mad dash from Heathrow, the supplication to the IMF, before we had acquired the friendship of Helmut Schmidt!

Today the Government appears sadly reduced, and the cabinet completely licked. One sympathises with Tony Benn's weekend plea for an open discussion of IMF terms. It would destroy the possibility of so much double-talk and newspeak. We know that cabinet ministers hold openness in low regard. Eric Varley, for instance, was quite capable during the Chrysler affair of telling a group of shop stewards one thing and the cabinet quite another. When Denis Healey was caught out in some shady double-dealing over the child benefit scheme, what happened? He was not called to account. Instead an inquiry was mounted to find out who had exposed him, and to make sure it would never happen again. It failed in the first task, thank God, but will no doubt do not at all badly in the second.

Over the present negotiations with the IMF (or with the Treasury), we are led to believe that a valiant struggle has been waged by the 'anti-deflationists', who managed to make Healey come down off his high horse. Or so they say. And then, lo and behold the triumph turns out to be an offered £2,000m. reduction in the public spending borrowing requirement, or so they say, incorporating the disposal of around £500m.-worth of BP assets.

Let us look calmly at this last proposed measure, this victory of the anti-deflationist *montagne*. There is no doubt that with a certain section of society it would be popular. BP shares rose sharply at the news, so the market appears to like it. The Tories, or some of them, would no doubt like it as well – why not sell off the whole bang shoot, while one's about it? And no doubt there are Arabs who would love to have it. One broker friend told me he could sell 20 per cent of the proposed amount to foreign governments in one week. But the question is, is this the purpose for which the measure is designed? Are we merely trying to cheer up nice brokers?

And the answer, of course, is no. The same broker thought the measure completely unconvincing as a means of bringing the economy under control. Nor is it likely to attract much admiration abroad. Our creditors, or so they say, want to see real cuts in public expenditure: that, or so they say, is the price of confidence. The hiving off of profitable assets is not a cut in public expenditure, it is a desperate short-term measure for maintaining public expenditure. If we sell off a bit of BP this year, presumably we have to find something similar to sell off next year, or next time there's a crisis, and the year after that we shall be in the same position. It is, as my friend Brian Walden concisely puts it, a criminally irresponsible act. (Walden has informed the whips' office that he will not vote for any package which includes the selling off of BP shares.)

What about the other three-quarters of the sum required – the deflationary bits? A familiar figure around Westminster, and indeed in economic circles, is the man who says: 'Don't fetishise public expenditure. I can think of several ways in which cuts could be made, in bureaucracy for instance, which would be positively beneficial to society.' Of the MPs who argue this way, a large number seem to come from Birmingham. Such men point out that, while there are hospitals in Birmingham which are desperately in need of money (and on which more should be spent) it is ludicrous that the city should spend £2m. a year on the supervision of illuminated signs.

The argument would be attractive, perhaps, if one believed that a cabinet which is rushing through this package, and trying to arrive at a global sum, was indeed thinking only in terms of illuminated signs, and if there were not 300 supervisors in that department who would consequently be thrown out of work, thereby reducing tax revenue and increasing the burden of unemployment benefit. If indeed, one believed that the supervisors would go straight into manufacturing industry. But this is not so. The cabinet is not planning to improve Birmingham, it is planning to push us further into a recession – a recession which, so they say, is the only road to economic recovery.

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Alexander Cockburn

Carter Sets the Tone

It was to have been the perfect transition, unmarred by the hasty decisions or flustered reactions attendant on the collisions of high hopes and campaign promises with the realities of actual power. All through the autumn it was discreetly emphasised that Jimmy Carter had a team toiling away in Atlanta preparing position papers and 'options', lists of qualified personnel, manifests of potential statesmen as yet sequestered in academies and business suites across the country.

With the zealous attention to public relations that has always characterised his operations, Jimmy Carter was photographed within days of his election carrying vast briefing books prepared by this team. Over the last few weeks his spokesmen, and consequently the American press, have emphasised the immense efforts dedicated to the selection of cabinet officers and other personnel in the impending Administration.

This diligence has actually had the effect of making Carter's first major appointment seem somewhat bizarre, since it has been widely assumed since last February that Cyrus Vance would be the Secretary of State in any Democratic Administration. It is as though Carter had assigned a panel of scientists to deliberate whether the sun actually rises each morning and striven to invest with striking drama the moment at which the thinkers announced that such indeed was the case.

Carter selected Cyrus Vance after 'consultation' with virtually every vested interest in the country. He finally did so at the express recommendation of his fellow Georgian, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who along with Vance participated in the build-up of the Vietnam war under Lyndon Johnson. Vance is the archetypal political lawyer, prudent and discreet in his dealings, held honourable by all sides, Regarded by tranquil commentators as a civilised being with a constructive and benign approach to social and political questions: the problem solver *par excellence.* In fact Vance was a protégé of Lyndon Johnson while Johnson was still a senator. He was Johnson's man on a congressional committee pondering the missile gap after the launching of the first Russian sputnik. When there was trouble in the Panama Canal zone in 1964, Johnson sent Vance as his personal emissary. Later Johnson dispatched him to solve the Dominican crisis. Vance represented the President during the Detroit riots, in the Cyprus negotiations, and in South Korea.

Vance was deputy Secretary of Defence during the Vietnam build-up. He was a strong supporter of the Johnson Administration policy until a severe back ailment forced him to retire from government service. Speculation at the time was that had Vance remained at the Pentagon he would have become Secretary of Defence. As it was, he retired to New York, where he became a well-mannered opponent of America's involvement in Vietnam. Later, he seconded Harriman in the Paris peace talks.

Whereas Kissinger's credentials were established in Harvard and in the service of Nelson Rockefeller, Vance received his training in the powerful New York law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett. In politics this outfit was associated with Lyndon Johnson; one of the firm's most powerful associates had ties with the group of defence corporations which made immense sums of money out of the Vietnam war. Vance was much part of that world, and indeed still is. With his appointment, Carter has re-evoked the world of Lyndon Johnson and the Democratic foreign policy of Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk.

It could of course be said, as some are already alleging, that Vance will not be

Most rapes are carried out by friends or relatives of the victims rather than by strangers.—Report by London Rape Crisis Centre

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permitted the latitude to initiate policy, that he will echo the muted role of William Rogers – Nixon's first Secretary of State. The scenario evolving from this view of Vance's elevation is scarcely comforting. Of all the people Carter has encountered over the last months, few apparently have impressed him more than James Schlesinger. Schlesinger was of course Secretary of Defence under both Nixon and Ford until Kissinger finally engineered his fall. In the days before the election he paid a well-publicised visit to China and subsequently 'briefed' Carter for the foreign policy debate with President Ford. With Vance at State and Schlesinger in some superior advisory post, the sense of continuity with Johnson and Nixon administrations would be truly overwhelming.

Nor, it seems, will anything particularly dramatic transpire in other important sections of Carter's prospective cabinet. Over the last few weeks all pretences that the American economy is in anything approaching a healthy state have been abandoned. The official unemployment figure is now just over 8 per cent. Capital spending is still weak and many other signs point to the possibility of renewed recession. One would have thought that businessmen have had their chance under President Ford and it is now time for less conspicuously incompetent hands to grip the tiller. No sign of any such impending substitution can as yet be detected.

Carter has appointed as head of the office of Management and Budget (a post once held by James Schlesinger) a fellow Georgian, Bert Lance, Lance is a millionaire banker and, as Carter's press spokesmen hastened to point out, his bank has issued large loans to the President-elect's peanut business. These same spokesmen have been less swift to clarify whether Lance's bank was also among those financial institutions known to have advanced substantial loans to Carter during the primary campaign. No doubt this will emerge during his confirmation hearings. At any rate he is being signalled as a 'fiscal conservative', thus a component of Carter's most conspicuous transition strategy: namely the cherished ritual known as 'reassuring the business community'.

Doubtless to reassure themselves, the main American steel producers raised their prices a few days ago, more or less openly stating that they were doing so as an anticipatory counter-move to the entirely remote possibility that Carter would introduce wage and price controls. With agreeable speed Carter announced that he would never do anything of the sort. He has continued to go about his task of reassurance, allowing Lance to state that in his view unemployment would drop extremely slowly and to emphasise that other slogan dear to the hearts of businessmen eveywhere – 'the balanced budget'.

Quite apart from the appointment of Lance and the bruiting of thoroughly respectable names for the post of Secretary of the Treasury, Carter has also adorned the transition period with a friendly duet with Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve and a conservative Nixon appointee. The net effect of all these demonstrations of fiscal sobriety does not so far seem to have discomfited those who liken Carter's elevation to power with that of Franklin Roosevelt in 1932. Thus far there seems to be only one error in the parallel: namely that Carter bears a much stronger resemblance to Herbert Hoover.

It is naturally much too early to come to any substantive interpretation of the shape of a Carter Administration. Appointments thus far have not been encouraging, but liberals will perhaps be satisfied with appropriate symbols of progress in the Justice Department and other domestic areas. It is certainly apparent that no disruptive populist is striding towards Washington, but I suppose we should be polite enough to wait a while before indulging in definitely unpleasant commentary. It would, to take a parallel possibly of interest in Fleet Street, no doubt be equally in error to deduce the future of the *Observer* from the fact that Robert Anderson, chairman of Arco, has been spending time learning about the newspaper business from Walter Annenberg in Palm Springs.

New York

Robin Cook

The Iranian Connection

Last month I participated in a spirited exchange with a member of the Defence Sales Office over their new speciality in supplying internal security systems to repressive regimes. Surely, I finally demanded they could not really *like* the Shah of Iran. 'Ah,' came back the pat answer, 'I am afraid I just don't know enough about Iran to make a judgment.'

Now this convenient ignorance strikes me as very curious. In the first place there is adequate evidence now available of mounting repression within Iran. For instance, in recent years the Shah has established a literary censorship that is comprehensive in its scope and ferocious in its penalties, and which reduced the number of books published in his country from 4,200 in 1971 to 1,200 in 1974. Last year an entire theatre company was arrested for rehearsing Gorky's *Lower Depths* and their director was sentenced to 11 years imprisonment. A similar fate awaits anyone sufficiently rash to attempt *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* or *Richard III*, which are all prohibited lest they encourage regicide.

A most poignant irony of censorship is that even the Shah's solitary book has now been banned. In it he had written: 'If I were a dictator rather than a constitutional monarch, then I might be tempted to sponsor a single dominant party such as Hitler organised.' This insight was found too embarrassing after he declared Iran a one-party state in March 1975, adding for the removal of doubt that any citizens who refused to join were 'traitors who must either go to prison or leave the country'.

Certainly if accused by SAVAK, the Shah's own Gestapo, they run a high probability of disappearing into one of his 6,000 prisons as no political defendant has ever been known to be acquitted. All political trials are held before military courts usually in camera, and the defendant may select his counsel only from a panel of service officers, few of whom know any law. One or two such officers have been known to be imprisoned themselves on the grounds that they failed to enter into the spirit of the exercise by arguing too vigorously on behalf of their clients.

In any case the sole evidence which it is competent for the courts to consider is SAVAK's deposition, which normally contains a 'confession' that has been extorted from the prisoner. Amnesty has now published a report confirming the brutal torture which is employed in the process, including beating and whipping, extraction of nails and teeth, electric shocks to the sexual organs, boiling water pumped into the rectum, and, most notorious of all, roasting on a bedframe which has been converted as an electric toaster. The Shah's traditional attitude to women has not protected them from equal treatment by SAVAK, and in one recent case a woman was sentenced to 15 years in solitary confinement.

Yet the West has slavishly courted this later-day Caligula by pouring out a thorough cornucopia of arms before his throne, which is the second reason why the professed ignorance of the Defence Sales Office is startling, for Iran is their biggest client-state.

As a result of current orders from the US and UK alone, by the early Eighties Iran will have more tanks, warplanes, or helicopters than any state in the world excepting the two superpowers. This avalanche of sophisticated weaponry into a country, three-quarters of whose population is illiterate, is likely to create acute indigestion, and senior officials of the Defence Sales Office, have been known to be openly cynical in private conversation about the capacity of Iran to absorb the weapons they have sold to its Shah.

For the foreseeable future this formidable war machine is going to be dependent on an army of foreign technicians and instructors. Congress has estimated that by 1980 up to 60,000 US personnel will be stationed in Iran on defence contracts and while, typically, there are no available British figures it is believed that Iran contains 80 per cent of the overseas operatives of Millbank Technical Services, a branch of the Crown Agents which provides support services to the Defence Sales Office. As many Congressmen have observed, we are both sitting on top of a potential Vietnam.

Why, you may ask, does the Shah wish to arm his nation to their back teeth with weapons they do not know how to maintain? He would probably begin by referring to the 1,200 miles of border he shares with the Soviet Union; but in fact over the past

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decade his relations with Moscow have been good. Ironically it appears to have been the congressional inquiry this summer which finally alerted Russia to the extent of the American commitment and it does not require clairvoyance to foresee that she will respond by beefing up her southern divisions, thus providing a retrospective rationale for Iranian arms purchases and adding a further twist to the East-West arms spiral.

The Shah's second line of justification would be that British withdrawal from the Gulf has created a vacuum which nature designed him to fill. However this is even more specious. As long ago as 1962 he approached President Kennedy with a similarly ambitious shopping list, but was refused since its alarming cost would require to have been met by US military aid. What has changed in the past five years is not that Britain has withdrawn but that the revenue from oil has gone through the roof enabling the Light of the Aryans to indulge his expensive whims, which have blossomed under the corrupting influence of two decades of absolute power. In any case it is very doubtful whether the emergence of a local superpower is really in the interests of stability in the Gulf and there already are ominous signs of rivalry with India.

In so far as there is a genuine rationale for the Shah's arms build-up it is internal, since he depends for his survival on the military establishment and their interests coincide in expanding the size and prestige of the armed forces. In so far as there is a real possibility that any of his tanks and gunships will actually be used, it is most likely to be against domestic insurgence by either socialists or separatists. Both are ruthlessly suppressed and any citizen who suggested that one of the minor nationalities (who collectively outnumber the actual Persians) should be given anything approaching our proposals for devolution would be liable to be shot under last year's amendment to the penal code.

The internal function of the military is betrayed by their lavish purchase of surveillance equipment. In the heart of the country the US is building a powerful electronics facility which will enable the Iranians – and the Americans – to eavesdrop on military signals from Europe to India, but will also enable the Shah to intercept all internal communications. In Britain the Millbank agency is reportedly arranging with Racal and Cable and Wireless to bid for a £100m. contract to supply SAVAK with a national communications system including discreet surveillance within their prisons. As one British executive crowed, 'surveillance is one of the big growth areas in Iran'.

Socialists can only hope that despite all the efforts of our arms exporters a more democratic regime will somehow suceed in sweeping aside Reza Shah, and reopen the contracts for hospitals, roads and housing that are now being sacrificed to maintain the momentum of arms purchases. However it is certain that they will not concede any such contracts to the Anglo-Saxon world whom they will never forgive for providing the Shah's military and police with the means of repression. We are putting an enormous investment in one man who is making himself an awful lot of enemies.

Christopher Price

Goodman's Law

Lord Goodman's Report on Charities, just out*, is characteristic of the man – voluminous in mass, yet untainted by any radical intent, professedly apolitical yet solidly conservative in approach. A self-styled 'independent' committee, it was solely composed of charity officials and solicitors, and not surprisingly decided that most things in the garden were lovely and that all the flower beds could remain intact, apart from some tidying up at the edges.

It has titbits for all: more freedom of political lobbying for the left-wing set (Shelter, CPAG etc.), comfort for the Christians (the judges would have the right to exclude morally deleterious sects), relief for humanism and sport (officially charitable at last), protection for the public schools ('governments shouldn't use changes in charity law to get at them' – as suggested in the last two Labour Party manifestos); and a complicated proposal to allow rich men to divert more of their taxes from the Exchequer to charities, with general relief of value-added-tax all round.

The pressure will now come for some agreed, all-party tidying up legislation on the subject, no doubt without the extra tax reliefs which the Treasury will veto. This must be resisted in favour of the more radical approach in Ben Whitaker's one-man minority report. Many charities are now big business, and their rating and taxation relief has now made them highly privileged big business. Despite the committee's protestations of neutrality, the report covers a crucial political area – the proper dividing line between public enterprise and publicly-subsidised private enterprise in the social fabric of Britain. The report never makes it clear that the two are inextricably linked – that tax-free privileges for independent schools and private clinics erode not only the money available for state education and the health services but also the status of their institutions. All over the urban areas of the US it has been possible since the second world war to watch the public hospitals and schools degenerate into poor law institutions. The same process is already happening here. Goodman's proposals would accelerate it. Not that his committee were unaware of the problem. They canvass the objections to exclusivity in health and education – high fees and profiteering for the doctors – before waving them aside and retiring into their apolitical shell once more:

> We are of course aware that there is a body of opinion concerned to eliminate private medicine and private education. This is a matter falling wholly outside the province of this committee and must be determined according to political decision and not in our view by depriving institutions providing these services of charitable status.

***Charity Law and Voluntary Organisations**
Bedford Square Press £2.00

Nowhere is the committee's commitment to the Establishment more evident than in their consideration of religion; the committee sets out to defend the line which sanctions propaganda when it is religious but denies it when political. To help the humanists, it gingerly allows 'ethical' bodies to become charitable, but then, all of a sudden, gets worried: 'we have in mind particularly that a political party should not be permitted to masquerade under the cloak of an ethical or philosophical system and thus gain charitable status.' At first I thought they had peered beneath the cloak of the Church of England and discovered the Tory Party at prayer. But no such luck. Once again, it was not the Conservative Party which they felt to be suspect.

Indeed they were wholly split on prayer. The judges disqualified closed, contemplative orders 25 years ago on the grounds that although Faith might move mountains, only Works constituted public benefit. It was a problem that even defeated the wisdom of Goodman. On good and evil, however, they come up with a recommendation. One of the pressures to set up the committee came from fear of 'evil' religions – such as Mr Moon's virulently anti-communist Unification Church of Korea. At the moment all religions qualify, though the humanists are out. Goodman wants the 'good' humanists in but the 'evil' religions out – and he would leave this particular judgment to the Charity Commissioners and the judges. One principal objection to Mr Moon is that his followers believe him to be the Messiah; Ben Whitaker muses in his minority report on the likely attitude of early Charity Commissioners to Jesus. I suspect myself he wouldn't have made it under the Goodman rules.

Much of the difficulty centres round the meaning of 'public benefit'. At the moment it means what a succession of elderly judges and Charity Commissioners have conceived it to mean. One of the most useful parts of the Report is a specimen set of guidelines to help the meaning along – which could form the basis of new legislation. But the further difficulty with any definition in this area is that needs are continually changing. The most worthwhile of charities work themselves out of a job as the community assumes public responsibility and takes over from private charity. Our law dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth I, when almost everything except national defence – roads, education, poverty – was privately provided for; and the Church could be relied upon to keep up the pressure on the affluent laity to give away their money and cut down on their time in purgatory. Since then the state has steadily taken over, but the attitude of the judges and the Charity Commissioners has been a curious one. They have come to terms with the trend by adopting the rule that charity must not supplant public provision; but they only apply it to bricks and

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mortar. The Commissioners have declared the repairing of road and bridges no longer charitable; and Goodman insisted that Housing Associations can only be charitable if they build houses which are available for the poor. But both the Commissioners and Goodman insist that schools and hospitals can remain both charitable and exclusive simultaneously. Public schools, one is informed, do not supplant the state sector, they *supplement* it. So naturally where the state provides for the poor, these 'supplementing' charities are left with no one to nurture but the rich. Or the middling folk. Like the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association, Britain's biggest 'supplementer' of supplementary benefit. It is a thoroughly English system, which allows a certain amount of change at the fringe, but keeps the class system intact at the centre.

Geoff Robertson

Labour Challenges the Jury

When the finest in Government are fighting economic Armageddon, liberty is left in the charge of mean minds, thick heads and weak spirits. Merlyn Rees, Elwyn Jones and Sam Silkin, for example, are about to dismantle much of the system of trial by jury. Their Criminal Law Bill, published last week, preserves the privileges of serious criminals, but takes away the right to jury trial from ordinary decent citizens who need it most. The Bill is a charter for prejudiced policemen and ambitious store detectives. No longer will official allegations of dishonesty or misconduct against housewives, homosexuals, political protestors and others be sifted by common sense and common humanity: they will instead be rubber-stamped by the elderly conservatives who pack the magisterial panels.

The Bill abolishes the right to jury trial whenever police allege theft or handling of stolen property valued at less than £20, or criminal damage of less than £100. Men charged with homosexual soliciting offences will no longer be permitted to put unreliable or prejudiced police evidence to the test of twelve good men and true. Magistrates will be the sole determiners of guilt in drunken driving cases, where disqualification is automatic upon conviction. Dragnet political offences, such as using insulting or abusive words (Public Order Act), disorderly behaviour at public meetings (Public Meetings Act) and staging a play which might provoke a breach of the peace (Theatres Act) will henceforth be dealt with solely in magistrates' courts. Allegations of assaults on policemen, brought by police, with a police officer to prosecute and police witnesses, are to be heard only by police-minded magistrates.

Each year this legislation will rob about 8,000 citizens of the right to a judgment by their peers on allegations which could threaten their career, their family and their future. It also deprives them of access to the Court of Appeal, because the only appeal from conviction by magistrates is to a Crown Court judge, sitting flanked by lay justices who naturally strain to uphold the decision of their brethren. (Judicial conduct at a jury trial, on the other hand, can be overseen by three eminent judges of the Court of Appeal.) Another consequence of the Bill will be that many defendants of small means and good character will be denied legal aid. There are already notorious discrepancies between different magistrates' courts in making legal aid grants. Although legal aid is always forthcoming (subject to a contribution) for jury trials, lower courts often refuse it, or grant it for solicitor only, and not counsel. Many experienced counsel jib at working in the lower courts: the laborious long-hand transcription of evidence, which slows cross-examination to an ineffectual pace, and the need to extract rulings on complicated law from lay justices who have never studied it, hardly make justice easy to obtain.

Paradoxically, the class to be denied jury trial includes those whom justice most demands be judged by a cross-section of society. Housewives accused of shoplifting often have valid defences of absentmindedness or illness. Defendants alleged to have received stolen property have sometimes acted honestly, in accordance with the expectations or customs of their social milieu. In the heat of a brawl, police are prone to identify the wrong man. They are apt to use 'insulting behaviour' charges to stifle legitimate protest. They are often accused of fabricating charges of 'soliciting' against men they arrest in public toilets. These kinds of cases cry out for jury determination, for a consensus verdict by people who live and work in the real world. Yet stipendiary magistrates are all ageing lawyers. As for lay justices, their average age is 56 years, and research recently revealed that 77 per cent of them were drawn from professional and managerial classes while virtually none were from semi-skilled or unskilled occupations. (More than 60 per cent of them had not read one book on crime and punishment in the previous two years!) In many parts of the country, the lay justices form reactionary and self-perpetuating cliques, inevitably biased in favour of the local representatives of law and order. Before them, where a defence calls for consideration of police misconduct, or radical protest, or a simple understanding of hand-to-mouth existence, a fair trial is impossible.

The Bill will assist suppression of dissent. No longer need Sam Silkin suffer embarrassment when an Old Bailey jury triumphantly acquits pacifists he has chosen to persecute. Magistrates will now be able to jail them for 'insulting behaviour'. Recently the authorities sought to intimidate investigative journalists with charges of 'handling stolen documents' – i.e. pieces of paper, themselves worth a few pence, which had been 'leaked'. David May, then editor of *Time Out* was tried for accepting the expired work-permit of a kidnapped Spanish banker.

Both the general secretary of the NUJ and Bruce Page testified that he had done what was expected of any self-respecting journalist. The magistrate had as little hesitation in committing him for trial as the eventual jury had in upholding the principle of press freedom by acquitting him. Neither May nor the *Evening Standard*'s John Ponder, who was similarly exonerated, would be eligible for jury trial under the proposed bill. Their reputations, and the public right to know, are as priceless as the institution of jury trial which protected them – a matter which Fleet Street overlooked last week. Its headlines celebrated the Bill's introduction of £1,000 fines for soccer hooligans.

The history of the new measure is in fact a classic example of Tory manipulation of weak Labour leaders. In 1972, property and age qualifications for jury service were abolished, and panels were no longer drawn exclusively from the 'male, middle aged, middle class' sector of the population. Sir Robert Mark was soon moved to protest at the acquittal rate, whereupon the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hailsham) and the then Home Secretary (Mr Robert Carr) divined in a joint statement on 19 September 1973 'a widespread view that the law at present allows too many cases to go for (jury) trial'. So they hand-picked a committee, chaired by Lord Justice James, to 'investigate the distribution of criminal business'. The committee was stacked: stacked with three magistrates, and a justices' clerk (who may not have appreciated arguments that their courts were biased), not to mention a former secretary of the society of Conservative Lawyers and the group personnel controller of Brooke Bond Leibig Ltd. There was not a single representative of any group concerned with the rights of defendants. In due course (i.e. two years) the committee made its recommendations, and Labour's Lord Chancellor and Home Secretary rushed to legislate. It is a sad comment on the Government's priorities. The nation's greatest minds have for years been applied to Official Secrets (Franks), Privacy (Younger), Defamation (Faulks), Contempt of Court (Phillimore), Corruption (Salmon), Red Lion Square (Scarman) and Identification (Devlin). Their enlightened reform suggestions gather dust while the Government rushes through the retrograde recommendations of an undistinguished committee.

But the measure of the betrayal goes further. The preamble of the Bill dishonestly asserts that it 'gives effect to the principal recommendations' of the James Committee. With deliberate perversity, the Government has chosen to ignore every *liberal* suggestion: for example, the committee argued that all citizens accused of assaulting police, or of peddling indecency or obscenity, should be entitled to jury trial. These recommendations are not repeated in the Bill. In other words what has been left out, as well as what has gone in, only demonstrates that Elwyn Jones, Merlyn Rees and Sam Silkin have reneged on Labour's commitment to the liberty of the subject.

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ITV SUNDAY 12 DECEMBER AT 9 pm

Laurence Olivier

PRESENTS

The Best Play of the Year 19—

Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner,
Maureen Stapleton and Laurence Olivier

in

The Best Play of the Year 1955

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

by Tennessee Williams

Set on a rich cotton plantation in the Deep South, Tennessee Williams' acclaimed Pulitzer Prize play tells of a family birthday party which turns into a night of shattering revelation.

Produced by Derek Granger and Laurence Olivier
Directed by Robert Moore

19 December at 9 pm The Best Play of the Year 1912

Donald Pleasence, Rosemary Leach, Jack Hedley, Pat Heywood and Roy Dotrice

in

HINDLE WAKES

by Stanley Houghton

The famous Manchester comedy about a mill-girl of 1912 who decides to defy convention and strike a blow for women's liberation.

GRANADA TELEVISION

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Corinna Adam

Israel Beyond Kissinger

A prominent poster on sale now in Israel reads:

THE SUEZ CANAL
PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE OF EGYPT
BY COUSIN HENRY

which underlines, brutally, what most of the people I met last week managed to convey a bit more subtly. Everyone across the political spectrum, from the PLO-supporting mayor of a West Bank town to a professor of aeronautical engineering who sits in the Knesset for the Likkud opposition, was heaving sighs of relief. Members of the Labour Alignment cabinet, too, even if they only admit it through the notorious Israeli leakage system.

The departure of Kissinger and the appointment of Cyrus Vance can (and do, Israel being what it is) mean all things to all men. But this seems only to have underlined a new mood. The traumas of the Yom Kippur war have been variously translated or absorbed. What all the reactions have in common is a feeling that Israel can, indeed should, go it alone. Of course this is not common-sensical, but it is an inescapable bravado. There is an air of optimism, what might even be called cockiness, about the place. Not arrogance, because that would both run against the ethos and could not be afforded in international terms. But the distinction between doves and hawks (American jargon imposed by American cash) seems swiftly to have become so complicated as to be not just meaningless, but distracting.

The relief at Kissinger's departure is as clear in high places as in low – not a distinction Israelis might care for, but there nonetheless. Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, his deputy Yigal Allon, and the former Foreign Minister Abba Eban (rudely described by some Israelis as their Roy Jenkins) have all been computing the changes implicit in a Carter takeover (or a Democratic takeover) since the Brookings Institution published its report on the Middle East a year ago. It took 16 people to put their names to a short, loaded pamphlet: among those names was that of Zbigniew Brzezinski – who, before Vance's appointment, told Israeli friends that he would never get that particular job, having such an unspellable name; this does not, of course, mean that he will have nothing to say in Washington.

But people in Israel, one gathers, hope that what is said will be said in Washington; they have had their fill of shuttles. The Brookings Report (called in Israel, with some deliberate harking-back to the earlier Rogers one, the 'Brookings *Plan*') basically devotes itself to bilateral ways of dealing with the Middle East in 'controlled batches', and found considerable support in Israel even then: saddled with that kind of thinking now, both Rabin and Allon publicly – even privately – admit themselves in favour, partly because of the room for manoeuvre it provides. The report – and Israeli government meetings with Brzezinski – all underline the central point of strategic thinking in Israel: that the Arab world is not at one, a belief horrifically confirmed by the Syrian intervention in Lebanon.

But for any kind of deal, or pre-deal (the options outlined by Israeli ministers talk of either a 'real peace', which scarcely anyone but a Mount Carmel hermit could believe in or an 'end to the state of war', which non-hermits find attractive) they still depend resentfully on the good offices of the Americans. But *new* Americans, now, who they hope 'don't want to use our little country as their battleground'. So everyone I talked to, from ministers and professors and kibbutzniks, even to West Bank Arabs, hoped that the new American Administration had no pre-conceived ideas; or at least that any ideas can be even more adjustable than those in the Brookings report. Brzezinski's *field* – and his background – is Central Europe. So if détente can be reached there, why not in the Middle East? 'The failings of Helsinki,' one civil servant put it to me, 'are appalling. But at least there aren't bombs in Berlin every day.'

In Southern Lebanon, the endless Middle East talk-in considers at what point the Israelis would take to guns or even rockets, if the PLO were to appear over the hills above Metulla. The few Phalangist soldiers one meets across the wire at Metulla actually appear to be wearing Israeli army kit: the uniforms and weapons are so alike that it is hard to imagine them shooting each other. Most of the time – since this is part of the 'good fence' – the road across the border is now scattered not with armoured vehicles but with battered Mercedes taxis, bringing the sick or damaged, or pregnant women, for treatment in Israel. The casual, chain-smoking Israeli soldiers find shooting hard to imagine, too: they are ready, nonetheless. But the Syrians have done their dirty work for them. A young Phalangist said, through the wire, that there were several hundred PLO guerrillas in the hills behind him. He didn't seem too worried. It is a sort of peace, paid for at an enormously high price.

It would be foolish to pretend that there is no disillusion, or that everyone subscribes to the current victorious feelings. Many people, both in the older and younger generation – but mostly the older – are disturbed by the lack of idealism, or of any kind of political activism and originality in continuing to build a state which is supposed to be not just different in kind from any other in the world, but different in quality. People as distant in their political attitudes as, say, Yigael Yadin and his followers (whose Masada spirit comes over as very capitalist, when boiled down) or Israel Herz, the international secretary of Histadrut (who was a Stalinist until the 20th Party Congress) see no pioneering spirit, and worry. Herz doesn't blame the young openly, although one senses the censoriousness behind the middle-European charm. He feels that three years in the Army takes it out of them, so that they are almost bound to return to the world, after a tough time at university and aged, say, 25, with one desire: to build as normal as possible a life – which is to say undemanding.

'However, even on the chilling Golan Heights – one of God's battlefields, whichever you believe in – the Israeli 'go it alone' feeling is clear, even in the dark little outposts near Quneitra. The first complaint from the reservist boys is that the food is (by regulation) kosher: the second that, while they may be grateful for the UN presence, it is one of those no-man's-land strips which matter to politicians but seem minute to a serving soldier. But all armies must pretend concealed strength, and the Israelis have become more practised at it since 1973. Far from denying that they have nuclear weapons, the Establishment says vaguely that they have the potential. Reversing the famous dictum, facts are free, but comment is sacred. ('There can never be a return to the 1967 borders).

Not only does the intolerable situation continue; so do the discussions. Everywhere. On Kfar Hasani, a kibbutz on the Syrian border founded mainly on the idealism of English Jews 30 years ago (and which, contrary to received ideas, produces many more machine-parts than oranges) I listened to a high-pitched argument between a former East End Jew in his sixties and his 25-year-old son. The father, who had been a very working-class worker (his definition) in England before the second world war, was convinced that on no account should the West Bank be returned. The son was what is described as a dove. He wanted to get rid of the West Bank and keep the country

Roger Woddis

Shocker

(After Sir John Betjeman)

Phone for the firemen, Harold,
As Ron has discovered a plot
And Jim's had a go at the Marxists,
Which, heavens, makes three on the trot.

Are the militants stripping our assets?
The moderates dropping their guard?
Tell someone to ring up the media
And unleash the dogs in the yard.

It's ever so hot in the kitchen
And Cook is as white as a sheet;
The wreckers have started a rich-hunt
And nobody's sure of his seat.

You had a fair hearing at Batley
And a pat on the head from the *Sun*;
I know what I wanted to ask you –
Who's left when you've loaded your gun?

And now that you have our skins crawling
In Hammersmith North and beyond,
Is it true that you're pining for Pinewood
And will you be playing James Bond?

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within its 1967 borders. He had the sabra strength of belief that what matters is the kind of society you create, not the borders within which you create it. He believed that Israel was strong and could manage, despite inflation and despite the Arab states. His father – who said himself 'getting older doesn't necessarily make you wiser' – was never prepared to credit any Arab guarantees at all. But then the son had to go on guard duty at the kibbutz gates, and there was a temporary end to the argument.

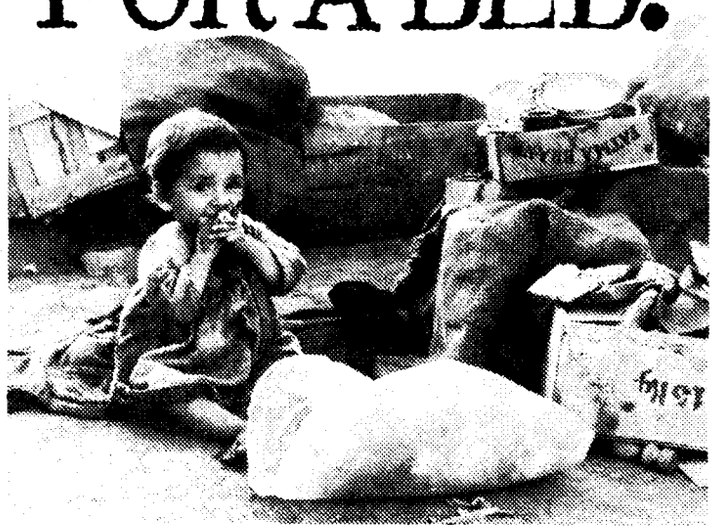
That young man believed he could cope: as an Israeli by birth, his territorial attitudes were less talmudically demanding than his father's – and less alarmed. 'If they don't like us,' he said, meaning Palestinians in particular and Arabs in general, 'let's not live with them.' It was a view shared by a thirtyish university lecturer who was part of a Gaza strip tour. Knowledgeable, liberal-minded, charming: and prepared to die or leave the country rather than see himself as part of what he thought could be a minority Jewish population in a secular Palestinian state. 'It's better to be a part of a minority somewhere else, anywhere else,' he said. 'I could get my friends in Oxford or Harvard to get me a job. But first, I'll fight.'

On the Gaza strip the bus tour was conducted by a very bossy regular army major; we were told in detail about the differences between the UNWRA refugee camps there and the new (albeit limited and expensive) Israeli housing that refugees who 'made it' by working in industry around Tel Aviv could achieve. The difference is as extraordinary as the Israelis intend it to be; and the man who conducted us was, I suppose, like most majors: loud-mouthed on duty, and then later, at lunch, inclined to say 'Well, of course, I leave politics to all you sort of chaps. We're just doing a job, you see.' And doing his job, he showed us a nice small one-storey house that competent Palestinians subscribing to the Jewish work ethic could achieve, after we had seen the refugee camp a few yards down the road, which bubbled with well-dressed, well-fed children (thanks to UNWRA) who nonetheless lived in sheds with no water and no electricity. Except, that is, for the dynamos which bring them TV and tell them on the one hand that they are being exploited by the Israelis and driven from their homelands or – if you switch channels – that they are being used as pawns by the Arabs.

In a shed with six children, it must be hard to decide, though the ones I met seemed to have opted not for any Palestinian cause in capital letters but, just hopelessly, for a return to what they saw as their home, even though it is now probably a kibbutz covered in apples or sewing-machines. They wanted back – but where?

The borders argument goes round in increasing circles; the question of the difference between security and territory has no foreseeable end. But if, as Jonathan Dimbleby argued last week, the Lebanese war is to be seen as the ultimate act in the Middle East tragedy – which I doubt – it will be because of the new-found confidence of the Israelis. One may not like it; one may think it ill-founded; it is unquestionably there.

NO CRIB FOR A BED.



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And we're not just picking up the pieces. But planning for the future.

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*Delete where applicable

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OXFAM

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Profile: Peter Shore

Very Well Then, Alone!

An alternative strategy would need an alternative chancellor. The Alternative Strategy could do worse than plump for Peter Shore. If it is a question of closing the doors against the depredations of world trade, who better than the man who made his name in the European debate, the economic patriot, the protectionist *malgré lui*? Who better to stand on the cliffs and shout the defiant 'Very well then, alone'? He is heard with respect in cabinet, admired in the Commons, and not loathed in the country. The combination is rare, yet little is known of this respected figure.

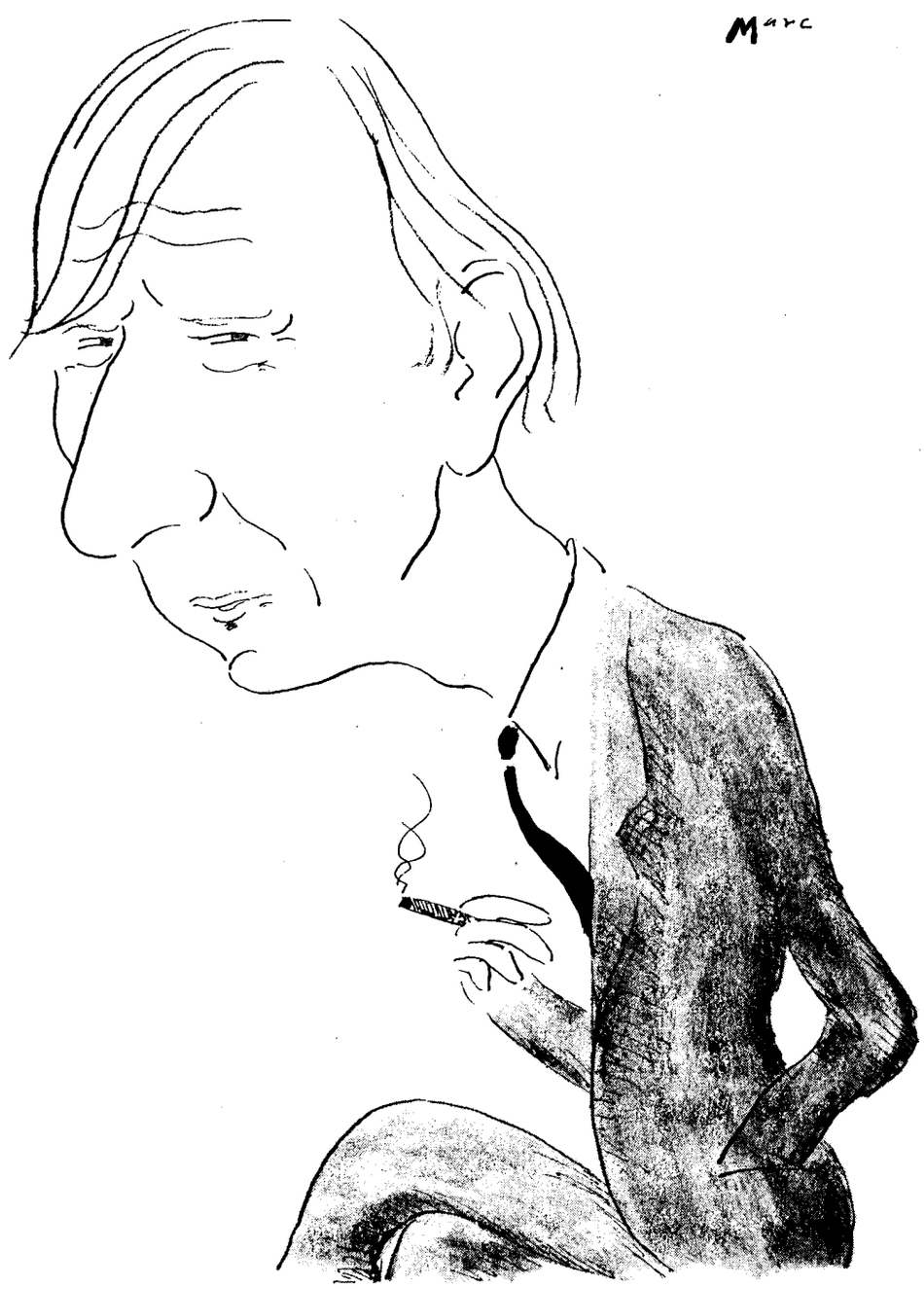
'He's a Liverpool Orangeman with all the instincts of an Orangeman,' say some, erring, since it was not in Liverpool but in Great Yarmouth that our Alternative Chancellor was first held up by his legs, where the cord was clamped and cut, and where the proud father, a captain in the merchant navy, first saw his handiwork. That was in 1924. Liverpool was reached eight years later: a house near Penny Lane and an education at Quarry Bank High School (circumstances more famously associated with the Beatles) belong to a second phase. Wartime Cambridge and the RAF make up the third. Yet if we were asked 'How old is Peter Shore?', we should reply with the favourite grandmothers' adage: as old as his tongue and a little bit older than his teeth. The tongue appears to date from Labour's 1970 defeat, the teeth (at least the second set) from the referendum campaign of 1975.

The embryo Shore joined the Labour Party in 1948, and contested St Ives two years later. He enjoyed the experience, finding that the spirit of 1945 had only just reached the West Country. He pushed the Liberal candidate into third place and left the hustings for a job in the research department at Transport House. There he stayed until 1964, contesting Halifax and becoming head of his department in 1959, and acquiring that reputation for left-wingery which the sceptics now question. He was a Bevanite – not perhaps a text-book Bevanite, but certainly a member of CND, an Aldermaston marcher, an opponent of Gaitskell on general policy and on the re-drafting of the constitution. Gaitskell complained about the presence of such a man in Transport House: why, he even wore his CND button to work! In Shore's perception it was expected that all the most intelligent Labour lads would cluster admiringly around the leader. Jenkins hob-nobbed with him, Crosland allowed himself to be taken out for expensive meals, but young Shore stayed away. Only after Gaitskell had spoken out against the Common Market did they find common ground and become at all intimate. Then Gaitskell died.

Hampstead Garden Suburb was more remote than Frognal, and Harold Wilson more aloof than Gaitskell. Even Shore did not know him well, although while Wilson was chairman of the Home Policy sub-committee they worked closely together on the formulation of policy. Shore was Wilson's chief civil servant, at the centre of things, on the winning side with Wilson and intimately involved in all party matters. It was largely he who wrote the 1964 manifesto, but he had trouble, as a widely canvassed 'favoured candidate' in finding a seat to fight. He had been turned down for West Bromwich the year before, and it was only in the nick of time that Stepney fell vacant and he found his safe seat.

Almost at once he fell seriously ill with a virus infection, which had the effect of obliterating his recent memory. Emerging from hospital in time to attend the last three meetings of his campaign, he found himself quite unable to remember a word of the manifesto he had written a few weeks before. He had to mug it up, like a speech in a foreign language. The trouble with his memory and health continued for a while in the Commons, but when it subsided he found himself with a new problem: he was now no longer in the know. He was a member of the 'kitchen' cabinet, yes, and in the next year became PPS to Harold Wilson, but he was not abreast of the working of the government. He refused to sign the Official Secrets Act, on the grounds that it would impede his ability to criticise Wilson on such issues as Vietnam. But he found that as PPS to the PM there was precious little he could say on any issue. He had fallen into that trough so resented by all those in such a position – compulsory impotence and obscurity. Even his work on the 1966 manifesto was less important than before, since more of the contributions were ministerial. He was becoming known as Wilson's poodle, the loyal backroom boy, the favourite pupil.

Nor did this reputation leave him in 1966 when he joined Mintech, with special responsibility for preventing Frank Cousins



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from throwing himself out of the thirteenth floor of Millbank Tower in his fits of depression and gloom at the government's incomes policy. On the resignation of Cousins, Shore had the happy experience of watching Anthony Wedgwood Benn at close quarters, perceiving a quality in him which he found both admirable and curious. He found that Benn was always extrapolating from the present to about the year 2000: he seemed to project himself into the future and then look back on the contemporary world and his own actions. It sounds like science fiction, and no doubt much of it was.

The lowest period of Shore's ministerial career began with his major promotion to the Department of Economic Affairs, which was now announced as being under Wilson's overall charge. The DEA was by now a shadow of its former self (Shore accounts for this by saying that after devaluation its major work had been done, growth was beginning, the battle with the Treasury was over), his appearances in the House were disastrous, the poodle nickname was beginning to stick. And yet in cabinet, Shore was about to earn the real wrath of Wilson over his opposition to *In Place of Strife*. Barbara Castle, oddly, seemed to forgive him. To Wilson, it was sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child.

Observe him then, in 1969 and 1970, as Minister without Portfolio, Deputy Leader of the House, with special responsibility for youth affairs. A public humiliation? Not according to Shore's version. He is a resting actor, but he is already learning the lines for the role in which he will become famous. He likes being without portfolio – it gives him time to look around and see what is happening in the EEC. He sees that, since the time of De Gaulle's refusal, EEC policies have developed which make it highly disadvantageous for Britain to join the Market. He sees that the question is going to come up again very soon, and that none of his colleagues (with the possible exception of Michael Stewart) is aware of what is at stake. In the spring of 1970 he makes a speech against the EEC, and causes speculation as to whether he is expressing government policy. He is not doing so, he has gone out on a limb, and Wilson is exceedingly embarrassed. It is at this point that he sees how his future as a politician can be secured.

In Blackpool that year we find him in earnest conversation with his old friend Dick Crossman. He has stood for the shadow cabinet and collected a mere 39 votes, but he has been offered a post as spokesman on transport. Should he take it, or should he go to the back-benches? Crossman, discussing the matter with colleagues, is sceptical: can Shore pull it off? does he have the flair? does he have the necessary Crossman flair? or will he sink without a trace? Shore pays the price of refusing the job – he agrees not to admit publicly that it was ever on offer. Then he goes to the backbenches and makes the EEC *his* issue.

The effect was dramatic and immediately perceived. He did indeed have the flair – Wilson called it Churchillian, so did the press. Here is Churchill in 1942: 'I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire.' And here is Peter Shore in 1972: 'I did not come into socialist politics in this country in order to connive in the dismantling of the power of the British people.' The passionate delivery, a tendency to break sentences in odd places (after the manner of Michael Foot), the stoopings forward, the cunning deployment of the mop of hair, and above all the appropriation of patriotism as a Labour cause – these were the new qualities that came to be admired. After a year on the backbenches Shore was elected to the shadow cabinet with 105 votes, having become, what Crossman always wished to become, an independent force within the party. Spokesman on Europe for the remainder of the period of Opposition, Secretary of State of Trade in 1974, and now master of the Environment, he remains a distant figure even within his Departments. His present ministers converse with him mainly through minutes (a recent example began 'I have decided, contrary to official opinion, to do . . .') and are not often informed in advance about what he is up to. He keeps a finger in every possible pie, and takes three boxes of papers home every evening.

He fought the referendum campaign as a fundamentally political, rather than merely economic, issue: the sovereignty of the nation was at stake. And he fights today's economic issues on political grounds: the deflationists are politically motivated men, they want to destroy the power of labour.

As he said last Sunday, in the Nye Bevan Memorial Lecture:

> The only explanation for the enthusiasm with which deflation is now embraced by many must be that the motive is a political one. The political attraction of deflation is not difficult to see. For the massive cuts in public expenditure which would be an integral part of any policy of deflation would first, by adding to unemployment, weaken the power of the trade union movement, and then by reducing the available level of resources would undermine the institutions of the welfare state . . .

He would not wish to take over the Treasury merely to be crucified on the cross of deflationary orthodoxy. It would only be attractive to him if Downing Street, the Treasury and the cabinet were all agreed that the alternative course was the one to be tried. But they do not agree. Very well then, alone!

Jeremy Bentham

Kerb Crawling and the Sexes

Last week Lord Wigg was cleared by a magistrate's court of 'insulting behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace', after a case which had given widespread publicity to allegations that he was kerb crawling and accosting women. Lord Wigg strenuously denied these allegations and the magistrate quite rightly pointed out that accosting women is perfectly legal.

Accosting men, though, isn't. Duncan Sharpe-Smith, an insurance clerk in Southampton and a supporter of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, knows this only too well. Like Lord Wigg, he has recently been through the ordeal of a trial and been acquitted (in his case) of 'persistently soliciting for an immoral purpose'. In the eyes of the law, accosting women for heterosexual intercourse is not immoral. Accosting men for homosexual intercourse is.

Indeed, the law goes further to make sure that innocent manhood is not offended by vice. Men are protected from the solicitations of common prostitutes, who also can be charged and brought to court. Meanwhile, women are simply not protected at all against the man in the street. So, whether you believe that kerb crawling should be made an offence, or that soliciting by male homosexuals should be legalised, the law of the land is sexually inconsistent.

That's not the only anomaly, either. Only a week or so ago, a man was actually convicted of committing what the *News of the World* called 'an unnatural act' against his own wife. 'He did not realise until this came to court,' said his counsel, 'that the practice was against the law.' The absurdity of this particular legal quirk, is that the man would have been perfectly within the law if only he'd been in bed with another man rather than his own wife.

Then, of course, there are lots of other oddities. Homosexual acts committed by soldiers, sailors or RAF men, are illegal, whether they're committed in the barracks or while on leave. But a merchant seaman can do what he likes on his holidays – just as long as he doesn't do it with a member of the crew on board ship. The purser, for instance, on a cruise liner can have a homosexual affair with one of the passengers – but not with the ship's cook.

Indecency laws are also notoriously odd. It's been argued, though not properly tested in the courts, that a man could be convicted of indecent exposure – even though nobody saw him. Lady Godiva would certainly have been guilty of indecent exposure, despite her admirable motives, if any peeping Tom had seen fit to complain to the local magistrates. Certainly it is not necessary to prove that the nakedness actually offends anybody – being bare is enough.

Currently a Home Office committee is considering the question of the age of consent – the other major difference between the sexes. As the law stands, a man can get married without parental consent at the age of 18, but has to wait another three years before he can have a homosexual affair. Of course, there are those optimists who think marriage can 'cure' homosexuality. But men's public lavatories, to say nothing of the mass circulation Sunday newspapers, tell a rather different tale.

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London Diary

☐ IMF! I have at last thought of a use for this strange combination of letters. It provides a welcome addition to our stock of expletives. It can be used as one word: IMF. It can be used as two: IM F. Or even as three: I M F. A friend with whom I play dominoes relies on 'copulation' as an alternative to the most used of four-letter words. 'Godfrey Daniels' is also good if delivered with the intonation of W. C. Fields. The old originals are likely to hold the field and as far as I am concerned they can ring out uninterruptedly on television. I am less complaisant about liberating children from their inhibitions by a television course in smut. It won't work. Liberate them from one set of inhibitions and they will find others. More importantly, smut is a children's world where they escape from the supervision of their elders. This is demonstrated by the classic lines I learned at school, heard again from my children and now once more from my grandchildren:

> Pa's out, Ma's out.
> Let's talk DIRT
> Pee, po, belly, bum, drawers.

A wonderful chant. But there is no fun in it if Pa and Ma are at home and join in the refrain. An eminent gynaecologist of my acquaintance used to say, 'Leave the nippers alone'.

☐ I have been too busy recently to have had time for any thoughts on such political matters as Devolution. On Monday I attended a lunch where the winners of the Whitbread literary prizes were announced. My task was to select a biography and I found a very good one: Winifred Gérin on Elizabeth Gaskell. I had not realised previously how many qualities are needed for a good biography. The subject must have an interesting life and a striking character; the story must illustrate the infinite variety of human nature. Mrs Gaskell had all these qualities. She wrote novels almost of the first class; she was an enchanting character; she knew all the literary figures of the day. Something else was needed, a writer who was in control of her theme, and Winifred Gérin was. Maybe I was a little influenced by relief at escaping from political biographies. We historians have to use them. They are our essential sources. But the figures described are often dull in themselves. They achieve immortality or at any rate biographies only because they were kings or queens or prime ministers. Who would ever have bothered with them if they had not been any of these things? Who would like to spend an evening with King George II or Lord Liverpool? Give me Mrs Gaskell every time.

☐ Literary prizes are admirable but they do not relieve my worries about the future of the book trade. It is likely to be an early victim of our economic troubles. Prices have increased more than in any other market. £10 is now common for a single volume, £15 or £25 not unknown. Private buyers will soon confine themselves to paperbacks. We can be quite certain that when local authorities have to cut their expenditure the purchase of books will be one of the first things to go. Yet this is the time when Public Lending Right is being allowed to fall by the wayside. The Bill to establish it perished in the last session and I have little doubt that the financial situation will be used as an excuse for not reintroducing it. Perhaps the opportunity will be taken to think again about the principle of the bill which is, in my opinion, a mistaken one. Authors should be paid by those who borrow their books from the public libraries and not by the taxpayer. But authors should certainly be paid somehow. If librarians were wise, they would reflect that when there are no authors there will soon be no books and when there are no books there will be no librarians. Considering how the librarians have treated authors, I say: speed the day.

☐ A further distraction from world affairs has been my commitment as Joseph Meaker Visiting Professor at Bristol. Indeed I feel somewhat of a fraud writing London Diary when I am in Bristol for half the working week. Everything about Bristol is a delight from the moment I set off in the High Speed train. People actually live in the city so that I pass private houses and retail shops as I walk up and down its steep hills. The Royal York Crescent provides one of the most romantic prospects in Europe especially after night fall. I was somewhat taken back when, having evaded the title of Professor during nearly fifty years of academic life, I was finally caught as a professor after all. However being a professor turns out to be very like not being one. I just go on doing the things I like doing. At Oxford my audiences always dwindled. At Bristol they have kept up. I have had to complete my course and carry world history right to the present day, not a happy moment at which to stop. Bristol has now the high-sounding name of seminar for what I used to call an essay group, but it comes to much the same thing. I am glad to report that my seminar has been infiltrated by Militants. However I have kept them under control by threatening to send for Sir Harold Wilson. Remember him?

☐ An epoch has ended in English history with the recent deaths of Goronwy Edwards and Vivian Galbraith – I mean in the writing, not the making of it. They were among the last exponents of the school that started with Stubbs and was carried to its highest point early this century by Tout at Manchester. For this school medieval history was all that mattered. When I first went to Manchester and found I had to lecture on the whole of modern history from 1494 (blessed date) to 1914, I asked who did it previously. I was told: 'Oh, Tout. He said that modern history was not a serious subject and anyone could lecture on it.' The followers of Stubbs and Tout worshipped documents. The Public Record Office was their spiritual home, where all history was enshrined. For them, as for Ranke, documents were facts and if only enough facts could be accumulated the truths of history would be revealed. Not for them the definition by a French historian: 'Documents are only scraps of paper which have happened to survive and which the archivist allows you to see.' Holding this perverse doctrine they spent more time pursuing documents than in writing books. Both Edwards and Galbraith, however, also wrote good books in their spare time. Both men were always kind to me, though sometimes deploring my activities. After one of my television adventures, Galbraith said: 'I can't understand Taylor. I thought he must have come from some rough grammar school, but he was at Bootham which is quite a good school.' Now both have gone and the certainties of history have vanished with them.

☐ The other day I was asked by an overseas visitor for somewhere virtually unknown and characteristic of Old England. Gatton was the answer. Those who do not like motor cars can reach it by walking along the North Downs Way from a place strangely called Mogador. Gatton was one of the three most notorious rotten boroughs, Grampound and Old Sarum – Cobbett's 'accursed hill' – being the others. The Town Hall where the solitary elector went to the poll is an open Doric Temple. A large urn in front of it has, among other Latin inscriptions, 'Salus Populi Suprema Lex Esto' and 'Dolus Malus Abesto' ('may the well-being of the people be the supreme law' and 'May evil deception be absent'). The church nearby is a magpie's hoard, assembled about 1834 by Lord Monson, whoever he may have been. The nave stalls come from Ghent, the nave panelling from Aarshot Cathedral in Brabant. The chancel panelling is from Burgundy, the pulpit and altar table from Flanders. The altar rails are from Tongres, the doors in the south transept from Rouen. The pieces are rammed in anyhow, one style jostling another. Lord Monson contemplated his treasures in considerable comfort. His private pew, with a covered way from his house, has a fireplace, panelled overmantle, padded benches and elegant easy chairs. My overseas friend agreed I had made the right choice.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ In the same week the nationwide 'Be a Good Neighbour' campaign was launched by the Government, Bedfordshire police are issuing a warning to the county's elderly – don't let any stranger in your house. – *Bedfordshire Times* (R. H. Wildman)

☐ A hunt master said yesterday that horsewhipping a hunt saboteur was rather like beating a wife. He declared: 'They are both private matters between individuals with strong views on the same subject.' – *Daily Mirror* (Julia Langdon)

☐ Mr Wilf Young, secretary of the School's Amateur Boxing Association, said last night that Etonian boxers would never have been short of opponents if they had been prepared to fight boys from comprehensive schools. – *Daily Telegraph* (Brenda Rowe)

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University Forum

Margaret Gaskin*

The Discretionary Charm of an LEA

I should warn you before I start that this is going to be a sob-story. It is not in fact a tale of personal hardship, thanks to generous and just about patient parents, but it is a tale of frustration and impotence in the face of bureaucracy which will be familiar to all students on a discretionary or means-tested grant. In October 1975 I started a degree course at Queen Mary College, London. I had already tried college, with one, disastrous, term at Bristol University, since when I had been working. I considered that whole episode an unfortunate mistake which was best put behind me. I did not, at that time, expect to have to carry it round my neck like an albatross for evermore. The £80 grant which I had received for that term meant that my new award was discretionary but it didn't seem to affect the grant I got so I was quite happy. (I learned afterwards that mine was the only discretionary award given by my LEA that year out of 33 applications.) I was living at home and travelling into college each day but it took up so much time and money that I decided to move into a flat near college. I was 21 by then and would be nearly 24 by the time I graduated so I had no intention of being a further burden to my parents. Luckily, I managed to get a weekend cleaning job which exactly covered the parental contribution so, having checked that I would be eligible for the extra £250-odd which students living away from home in London normally get, I went into my flat, a fully independent student. Well, nearly . . .

After half a term away, I was summoned to the civic centre where it was explained that of course I couldn't get the living away from home grant as my award had been *discretionary*. When I said that I had phoned the council and cleared it before I went, I was told never to trust anything a council employee told me over the 'phone. Trying a different tack I explained that I so much wanted to live independently that I was working at weekends to support myself. That was my big mistake. A gleam came into my inquisitor's eye, some rapid calculations were made and he blithely informed me that if I went on working, not only would he stop my grant, he would require me to pay back any grant already received. My MP made vigorous appeals on my behalf but it seems that naughty girls who drop out of college and prefer working for money rather than taking it from their parents have no recourse in law. And so, five weeks after the removal van had dropped my gear off at the flat, it arrived to cart it all back again.

So this year I am back home again travelling back and forth each day. The council has saved itself just over £100 because, of the £250-odd they refused me, they will have to pay me £150 to cover my extra fares to college. My grant has gone up; it now stands at the princely sum of £142 per annum. With my grant cheque came a reminder that I should save enough to replace the Social Security which students will no longer be entitled to at Christmas and Easter. That comes to £90.40. I am also expected to pay £26 of my fare bill which leaves me approximately 85 pence per week while I am at college (or, to translate it into pinko-liberal terms, that is five *Guardians* and a NEW STATESMAN). If there should be anything in the way of heat, food, light, books, clothes, entertainments etc. which I find I cannot afford out of my 85 pence, I have to ask my parents for it. They are coming across with the readies with a fairly good grace but they don't really understand why they should be lumbered with paying for another adult's keep. Neither do I. It is degrading in the extreme and, if they set me outside the civic centre with a tin cup, the council could not have made me feel more like a beggar than I do now.

At the last NUS Conference, some attempted to make the ending of the means test and the binary system of awards the top priorities in the Grants Campaign. They were defeated, not by a clear vote but by a dubious procedural manoeuvre. It may very well have been the result of a genuine misunderstanding about the nature of the motion, but I felt that there was widespread dissatisfaction that this question could not go to a proper vote. Official NUS policy is that allowing our campaign to take precedence leads to division in the movement and a weakened bargaining position. That is possibly so. But I would think that it was essential to the strength of the NUS to establish two principles:

(1) That students are *not* children; they are adults undertaking higher and further education. Despite currents attacks on education spending, the Government still holds in principle to the idea that it is to the country's benefit to have citizens who are educated rather than otherwise. While this is the case, it is Government's duty to finance both the education *and* the adults undertaking it.

(2) In order to increase the general level of education it must be clear that if a subject is important enough to warrant a course being run for it, and a student is interested enough to dedicate one, two or three years of his or her life to it, a grant ought to be given to do it.

Without those two principles firmly established, students will find themselves walking up a down escalator; every grant rise will mean greater dependence on parents and fewer discretionary awards. And I feel that for the sake of people, not like me, but like the 32 refused discretionary awards by my council, or those whose parents refuse to support them, the end of the means test and the binary system is the absolute priority in any grants campaign. Given that over 80 per cent of students are means tested and over 70 per cent of *them* do not get their full parental contribution, there would be few students or potential students who would not benefit in some way if this were achieved. And if it is not achieved the inhumanity of the system can only increase.

For those who had their requests for discretionary awards refused and are at present supporting themselves through college, the future holds a few more nasty shocks. Last year the Government introduced the mean-spirited, cowardly and despicable two-tier system of fees for home and overseas students. Students everywhere protested vigorously and since the Government didn't have, so to speak, a moral leg to stand on, they attempted to camouflage their discrimination by raising fees for *all* students to 'economic' levels. The final details were announced in the Commons by Shirley Williams a fortnight ago. It strikes me that the Government can't have much faith in its own education system if it expects students to be fooled by *that*. British students on mandatory grants are unaffected by fees because they will be paid by the local authority no matter how high they are. For overseas students, most of whom are from developing countries and are self-supporting, the leap of £1,200 in the cost of their degree has to be met from their own meagre resources. Now, in order to make it 'fairer', self-financing British students will have to bear this burden as well. One fellow-student of mine didn't get any grant at all because she received £50 some years ago for a law course. During her first and second years she and her husband have managed between them to buy books and pay fees. Next year she will be asked to pay £650 in fees alone and, if she can't get a grant from somewhere, she'll have to leave college. It may be said that her case is an anomaly but such cases do exist – and they are not uncommon.

Across the board grant rises are usually received with fanfares and gasps of horror from the *Daily Telegraph*; the cries of those who are going down for the third time under the 'anomalies of the system' are weak by comparison. However these are real people, whose whole lives will be changed, perhaps be permanently poorer, because they are denied the higher or further education they seek. The NUS must make the ending of this double iniquity its primary demand so that all future victories will be real victories, not disguised defeats.

* *Margaret Gaskin is reading history and politics at Queen Mary College, London.*

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Everything in the Garden's Lovely

Though life down in Devon is all that is most agreeable and the enchanting view across the Teign valley makes one forget the pound's fluctuations, not to speak of the cloud of radioactive nuclear debris which the inscrutable Chinese have wafted to us as an advance Christmas present, it's nice to get about a bit and the other day I was kindly invited to join friends in the royal box for an evening of ballet at Covent Garden. I am not hinting that I was there by royal invitation and hob-nobbing to right and left with familiar coroneted faces. My hospitable host was certainly ennobled in one of Mr Wilson's early and hopeful packet dubbings but is none the worse for that.

Built at a time when land and space in central London were, apart from the City, no sort of problem and architects just took as much as they thought necessary, the acreage of the royal box area and its hinterland is commodious indeed. You could, if pushed, give a small dance there. It has its own private side entrance from the street, impressive staircase, dining-room, retiring-room and old-fashioned lavatory. Should the need arise, there awaits a capacious mahogany throne and a seat that, having been graced by queens galore down the years, has known greatness. Using it, one feels that one is living history. From the box the view of the stage is an oblique one but there are occasionally exciting aperçus of dancers in the wings preparing for the fray, testing their points, flexing their joints and fluffing out their tutus. Some years ago, and through a happy friendship with Robert Helpmann, I was permitted to stand in the coulisses during a performance of *Cinderella*. The din was quite unexpectedly loud – the creaking of the stage boards, the heavy breathing, the thud of thistledown ballerinas alighting, the swish of clothing in violent motion, the urgent whispers of the corps de ballet reminding each other of the next manoeuvre. The faintest sound of all was the music which barely reached us where we were but which was successfully shielding the audience from the general uproar.

On the evening of which I write there were three one-act ballets – *Voluntaries* (it was its first English performance), *Afternoon of a Faun* (a title which sounds, oddly, more impressive than *A Faun's Afternoon*, the latter having, I suppose, with it a suggestion of *A Faun's Afternoon Off*) and the superb and now rightly famous *Dances at a Gathering*. What gathering, and where? Who can say? There is no décor to help us, but a faint impression of clouds on a backcloth hints that we are out of doors, and indeed, were we indoors, the springy elevations of the five male guests at the gathering (dressed individually in green, brown, mauve, gold and salmon) and the five ladies (similar colours, with the addition of pink and apricot) would have put every chandelier at risk. The delightful dances proceed until, to an unusually rapid and disturbing piece of Chopin, there suddenly rush on what I took to be the three hostesses, looking very startled and distraught and who, after leaping about and expressing dissatisfaction, each hurled herself lengthwise into the arms of a male dancer and lay there, head down and legs extended, the very picture of dejection. Hardly the best way I thought, in a moment of irreverence, to cope with a crisis in the kitchen. Whatever could have gone wrong? Had the canapés run out? Was the bortsch burnt? Had the au pair girl inflamed herself with a glass of South African and was now dancing naked on the Steinway? On this particular evening, the men dancers were to have included a great star, Anthony Dowell, but he had an injury. We were fortunate in his replacement, whose name was Nureyev. Apart from him, all the dancers appeared to be English.

No British achievement in the last 50 years has been more extraordinary or successful or out of character than that of ballet. From being virtually non-existent, it has risen in that short period to world importance. Previously there was prejudice, not against watching ballet, which had for years been a popular item in the better music-halls, but against partaking in it. The imagination boggles violently at what in the 1920s would have been a school's reaction to a boy's decision to make ballet his career. Parents, feeling somehow guilty, would have been even more appalled. One can hear still the lowered voices, the sympathetic words muttered in the club-house at Wentworth ('I hear Bimbo's had a bit of bad luck with that lad of his. Wants to be a dancer. Damn shame').

A sign of the gradually increasing confidence was that nobody any longer thought it prudent to shelter behind vaguely foreign names ('Toppleova' was a popular invention). In the early days, the prime creator of British ballet, a genius called Edris Stannus, faced the world as Ninette de Valois, Hilda Munnings was known as Lydia Sokolova, and demure and modest little Peggy Hookham as Margot Fonteyn. What's, anyhow, in a name? You can live anything down. Who, on hearing that a young and beautiful and talented girl was planning to go on the stage as Googie Withers, each section of which name is unpromising in the extreme, would not have striven to persuade her to change it to Diane de Vavasour? Yet look how she has triumphed. The names Gladys Cooper and Gertrude Lawrence were the sort of ones apt to be borne by housemaids. It doesn't matter.

The pressures on dancers are varied and great. There are the remembering of the steps, so many of which are so similar in sequence, and the getting to the right place at the right time, sometimes over provincial stages as rough as ploughed fields and with a steep 'rake' that tends to tip them into the orchestra pit. The things that can go wrong are endless – Cinderella's coach taking a corner too sharply and hurling her out (it happened in America to Beriosova), and, in one of the complicated 'lifts', two dancers getting immovably hooked on to each other (the fate of Dowell and Sibley).

The prejudice against ballet for men was, of course, because it was considered feeble and unmanly. The public could hardly be expected to realise that physically it is one of the world's toughest professions and that the daily exercises, the rehearsals, the muscle development and the rigid disciplines make the activities of all-in wrestlers seem like kiddies frolicking in a paddling-pool. Muggers, seeking easy pickings near the Covent Garden stage-door in Floral Street, would find themselves in for a shock. All dancers are perfectly accustomed to seizing people and throwing them violently about. It would be the work of a moment to dump them all down in Bow Street.

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Letters to the Editor

A Doctor's Dissent

Sir, The article last week entitled 'The End for Teaching Hospitals' was alarmingly flippant. I cannot, surely, be the only working doctor in the administration of the NHS who reacted in such a way.

Of course a great deal of what Dr Gould states in his article is widely known and has long been accepted. The problems are far wider than those simply of the teaching hospitals of central London. The report by the Resource Allocation Working Party of the Department of Health (which was not mentioned in the article but is the cause of all the fuss), recommended a major shift of funds to the Midlands, the North and the South West, where hospital administrators are said to be desperate for facilities. The aim, a laudable one, was to secure 'equal opportunity of access to health care for people at equal risk'. However, many experts have questioned the basis on which the 'risk' was calculated. The Working Party based its redistribution proposals largely on mortality statistics. To plan satisfactorily for the future it is imperative to measure the amount of treatable illness in the community. To give a few examples of where death rates totally fail to reflect illness:

(1) Some of the longest waiting lists in the country are for hip replacement due to osteoarthritis.
(2) Many thousands of sufferers from skin diseases such as psoriasis will never be identified.
(3) Deaths from strokes represent a minute fraction of the beds and other resources needed to deal with consequences.

Leaving aside the question as to whether the so-called areas are in fact 'deprived', previous experience has shown that the moving of consulting posts, as recommended in the RAWP, does not mean that the people who should fill them do in fact move. It is all very well to talk of transferring 'resources', but in a labour-intensive service these mean *people*; trained staff like doctors, nurses and technicians who cannot or will not move from the South East to Sheffield at the wave of an administrative wand. The National Health Service remains, for all its faults, one of the greatest achievements of the Labour Party. The implementation of the Working Party proposals, which Dr Gould treats so carelessly, would inevitably result in a lower standard of care for patients than at present. Indeed, it might imperil the very existence of the National Health Service. Many people working in the NHS have expressed distress both publicly and privately. This phenomenon seems to have passed by your medical correspondent. Your readers may, I hope, draw their own conclusions.

CLIVE ADAM

11 Porchester Square
London W2

Unity's Indoctrination

Sir, Forty years after the battle of Cable Street does any rubbish *still* serve to attack the Mosleys in your paper? Emile Delavenay (Letters 26 November) disputes Diana Mosley's claim that her sister Unity's adolescent anti-Semitism began years before the war when Jews were killed. The refutation? Lord Redesdale, the grandfather, wrote an allegedly 'anti-Semitic' preface to Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the 19th Century* before the *first* world war, and thus indoctrinated the family even earlier!

Let us leave the logic and not overlook what Lord Redesdale actually wrote:

> The influence of Judaism on Indo-European civilisation is a subject upon which the author of the *Grundlagen* lays special stress. He cannot withhold his admiration from the sight of that one small tribe standing out amid the chaos of nationalities . . . That Chamberlain (unlike the writer) is a strong Anti-Semite adds to the value of the testimony which he bears to the nobility of the Sephardim . . . To the Ashkenazim, the so-called German Jews, Chamberlain is as it seems to me unjust. That they have played a greater part in the history of the 19th century than the Sephardim is hardly to be denied . . . The charities of the great cities of Europe would be in a sad plight were the support of the Jews to be withdrawn; indeed many noble foundations owe their existence to them. Politically too they have rendered great services; one instance which Chamberlain himself quotes is the settlement of the French indemnity after the war of 1870.

Chamberlain himself deprecates the tendency to make the Jew a scapegoat for our own problems, but Lord Redesdale states that he cannot agree with some of his anti-Semitic conclusions. He will go 'all lengths' with Chamberlain in 'appreciation of the stubborn singleness of purpose' which made the Jew what he is – *'this wonderful man* who during the last hundred years has attained such a position in the whole civilised world'. But for the fact that the Mitford grandfather explains the emergence of Judea as the third ancient nation to contribute with Greece and Rome to our civilisation by reference to marriage within the 'race', this might almost be George Steiner talking.

The notion that Lord Redesdale helped to brainwash not only Unity and Diana but also Nancy, Jessica and the others in Jew-hatred is a ridiculous fantasy, therefore, comparable only to the current canard that Sir Oswald Mosley initiated a fulsome correspondence with the producer of *Der Stürmer* obsequiously to obtain his 'advice' on how to 'destroy' the 'power' of the Jewish race. The target of *Unity Mitford* by David Pryce-Jones and of reviews like that by David Caute is now dead, whereas the targets of *Der Stürmer* were later killed. The former writing is more tedious than was the latter, but both sorts of deplorable journalism had one thing in common: the technique of misrepresentation and smear. Julius Streicher was not the only scribbler addicted to 'political masturbation'.

DON MILLS

10 Forester Road
Ontario, Canada

Labour and Lorries

Sir, C. H. Sharp's article criticising the Labour Party for showing unreasonable preference for rail transport seems to leave out some important factors. His definition of social costs seems to take account of only noise and air pollution, ignoring the most important item – the social cost of road accidents, including about 7,000 deaths each year. Motorways in particular apparently have a literally fatal defect in foggy weather, due to psychological causes, which no amount of traffic engineering can cure. He also overlooks the energy conservation factor which in the short term for its effect on our international trading position, and obviously in the long term, is of overriding importance. A continued expansion of road transport, with the consequent construction of more roads, must also result in a substantial diminution of agricultural land, again adversely affecting our international trading position.

Perhaps Mr Sharp would like to consider whether there may be a connection between the fact that the period during which the railways developed was one of general economic expansion and progress, and the situation in recent years, when the expansion of road transport both for goods and passengers has coincided with a general deterioration in our economic position.

J. IBBOTT

117 Upper Road
Kennington, Oxford

South Bank Wallah

Sir, Who can fail to have been impressed by the opponents of the National Theatre? With hindsight one can see that the whole idea was mistaken. Lesser breeds without the bard may need national theatres as some form of material compensation for their lack, but here in the land of the birth of the greatest playwright of all time what do we need with buildings? In any case there is one already at Stratford-upon-Avon. Furthermore, the removal of the National Theatre Company from the Old Vic has created the problem of what to do with that fine old music hall. Surely someone should have thought of that before embarking on the extraordinary complex on the South Bank? And think of the expense. For the annual cost of the National Theatre we could have an extra warplane or the tail section of a Concorde.

But now we've got it what shall we do with it? The place seems to be popular and in spite of one or two errors the auditoria often play to capacity. There must be something

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wrong with this. Failure is what the British expect at this time in our nation's long history and anyone who refuses to give it to them will deserve and receive little mercy.

But how to achieve the disaster necessary to our present absence of national pride? Here is where the critics deserve a word of appreciation. For their aim is not merely to undermine the National Theatre project but to destroy the British theatre as a whole and with it our chief remaining source of unavoidable prestige. Once the South Bank goes over to Bingo, the Royal Opera House will soon follow – a revival of ice-skating is one possibility for what, after all, will only be a return to a use more in keeping with the older and more commercial traditions of the place. Then the need for a permanent London home for the Sex Pistols will be filled by the Coliseum while the Royal Shakespeare Company will retire to a summer season at Stratford-upon-Avon with a token week Atte Bow. The closure of the regional theatres will follow and England will be itself again.

Today the carping is rather like that which met the Festival of Britain. However, if the critics win, in a few years we shall be able to think back to the splendid Seventies and, revelling in gloomy nostalgia for what we have lost, we shall be really happy at last.

Those, we shall say and we shall be right, those were the days.

HUGH JENKINS

House of Commons

Lesson of Lebanon

Sir, Perhaps you will allow me, as one who has in the past castigated the NEW STATESMAN'S attitude towards the Middle East, to welcome Jonathan Dimbleby's bravely outspoken piece (NS 3 December) on the Lebanon. Amongst the mass of articles that have been published on the subject, this seems to me one of the very few which has penetrated through the dense jungle of mythology.

Jumblatt's commitment to secular democracy is mentioned, implicitly refuting the myth that Lebanon was either non-sectarian or properly democratic. It is not accidental that secular democracy is the Palestinians' slogan, too. That, surely, is the prerequisite for peace in Lebanon, Palestine, and the whole Middle East. The survival of both Jews and Arabs is dependent upon abandoning national and religious discrimination.

R. G. HARDY

8 Ottaway Court
Rendlesham Road
London E5

Snobbery and the Engineer

Sir, Your article Engineering for Survival by Peter Wilby (NS 3 December) raises a point of which I have long been conscious, viz, the low esteem in which the engineer is held in our society. When I served my five-year engineering apprenticeship in a North country shipyard fifty years ago my colleagues and I were confronted with the facts of life with a brutality quite unknown in any other calling, then or since. The working day was long, hard and dirty, 8½ hours in the shop or on the slipway or fitting-out basin followed, three times a week, by two hours of night school, with enough homework to last the rest of the week, often including the weekend.

An engineer friend of mine was taken by his bank manager father to luncheon a few years ago, in the latter's club, the exclusiveness of which was impressed upon my friend beforehand. 'I don't know,' the father said, 'how they [the members] will regard an engineer.' My friend, I may add, held a responsible position in the design office of a prominent engineering firm. 'I got the message,' he told me.

An acquaintance spoke of his fiancée's father as one who 'does the drains in ——'. He was in fact, the borough engineer of that town!

For 200 years our society has been more or less dependent on the engineer; today it is completely so. Which puts the engineering profession in a class above every other. The engineer, generally speaking, is a man who puts public duty before self advancement, with the result that his is one of the lowest paid jobs in the country. This and the fact that he needs to dirty his hands in order to learn or follow his trade or profession is responsible for the social snobbery levelled at him which, like all social snobbery, results from crass ignorance. The inconsistency which calls forth our admiration for such engineering feats as the liner *Queen Elizabeth*, and Concorde, while bidding us despise the men who built them is equalled only by our feelings of superiority towards the garage man who repairs our car when we hadn't a clue, just because he gets some grease on his hands. Perhaps it is just an illustration of that strange law which makes us envy and resent those to whom we owe most!

E. J. GRIFFITH

222 Old Church Road
Clevedon, Avon

Conan Doyle at Home

Sir, John Fowles is entitled to his own opinions regarding my late father's place in literature (NS 26 November), but I feel sure my father would have better things to do in the Hereafter than, as Mr Fowles suggests, read them. When, however, he airs his views about my father personally and about spiritualism, he displays his limited knowledge of either subject.

For instance, he writes that my father 'revelled in his friendships with Edward VII, Balfour, Asquith and Churchill'. Naturally, my father knew these prominent men socially but at no time did he claim to be on terms of friendship with any of them, with the possible exception of Balfour. It is one or two of his biographers who are guilty of name-dropping. A practice my father abhorred. Until I read the review I had never seen a reference to my father as a Conservative. Perhaps he would have become one in time. Who knows? As it was, he was originally a Liberal, standing later as a Liberal-Unionist. He would have voted as his conscience dictated. He could never have been a 'party man'.

His opinions, right or wrong, were not set in concrete. They evolved with changing conditions. In spite of being, to quote Mr Fowles, 'bitterly anti-suffragette' before the 1914-18 war, like many others he changed his opinion having seen women prove themselves, in various spheres, during those years. Later he took great interest in considering possible careers for me. There was no sex discrimination in our home. Nothing was barred to me because I was a girl.

Charles Higham's book is most entertainingly written but is, in my view, marred by certain flights of fancy, sexual and otherwise, one-sided accounts, padding which has led him unnecessarily into small inaccuracies and some graver errors. The latter range from a completely false, shocking, account of my parents' reburial, in which only the date and place are correct and also of our home and life in the New Forest, to small details such as the place where my father's mother lived at the end of her days and died. It is a pity Charles Higham's 'enormous amount of research' failed to reveal these and many other errors – a fact which casts doubt on the accuracy of his account of the 'exposure' of certain mediums and in particular of the 'Houdini controversy', when he fails to mention that Houdini was caught out planting incriminating evidence on a medium he had said he would 'expose'. One should read my father's *The Edge of the Unknown* to study both sides of the story.

In conclusion may I correct another false impression given in Mr Fowles' review? Here my late brother Adrian's *The True Conan Doyle* may have misled him. There was 'a closed study door' for my two lively teenage brothers, but once I'd reached an age when my greatest joy was reading, I had the 'entrée' to his study at all times. In spite of the assertion in this new book that my father 'almost never worked in his study', I used to spend hours sitting there while he did so.

JEAN CONAN DOYLE

Littlestone-on-Sea
New Romney, Kent

Beauty and the Box

Sir, Julian Barnes's article on Malcolm Muggeridge *versus the media* (NS 3 December) omitted to mention the funniest joke that Muggeridge has ever been associated with.

Between 1960, when Kennedy won the American presidency – allegedly because he was more telegenic than Nixon – and 1964 Muggeridge never lost an opportunity to assure us all that henceforth elections would be decided almost entirely by the candidates' looks. Television would ensure that no ugly man would ever again achieve a successful career in democratic politics.

What happened in 1964, of course, was that the horrifically ugly Lyndon Johnson ran against the superlatively handsome Barry Goldwater – and beat him by the biggest margin in the history of American presidential elections. Muggeridge being Muggeridge, this experience in no way diminished his confidence in the infallibility of his own intuitions.

DAVID WATKINS

Gaycroft
Laleston, Bridgend

Dame Edith as Viola

Sir, I was puzzled by Mr Eagle's reference (Letters 5 November) to Edith Evans as never having appeared professionally as Viola in *Twelfth Night.* One of my most delightful recollections is of her delivery of 'I am the man', with her beautiful amused chuckle, giving place to the rueful consideration of all the varieties of unrequited love implicit in the situation (Act II. Scene II).

The 'time chart' appended to Hal Burton's *Great Acting* (BBC, London 1968) shows this to have been at the Old Vic in 1932.

RACHEL AYRE

University of Auckland

The Civilised Touch

Sir, In his article 'The Poly and the College' (NS 26 November) John Daniel elegantly guides us through the gulf between these two erudite neighbours. Can we seriously believe that the 'mess and muddle' of our education system is directly attributed to genteel middle-class attitudes, the DES and Whitehall?

Perhaps those bare grey Poly corridors hold some metaphysical significance – be bold, Mr Daniel, hang a few paintings, you never know, you might start something.

ROGER BELLAMY

Tripcony House
St Germans, Cornwall

Waugh's Letters

Sir, I have been appointed by the executors to edit the letters of Evelyn Waugh. Could I appeal to anyone who has, or knows the whereabouts of, any letter by him to get in touch with me? me?

MARK AMORY

Hele Manor
Dulverton, Somerset

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Garnett

The Bolter

Norman Douglas: A Biography by MARK HOLLOWAY *Secker & Warburg* £7.90

This looks a heavyweight: 510 pages, scholarly, well-documented and well written. I find it fascinating, but then I have known many of the characters in the book. I think, though, that it will be fascinating for a reader who has never heard of Norman Douglas, or knows him only as a delightful writer of rambles in Italy, of his own life and interests such as sirens and mermaids, games played by children in the London slums, or the effects of *la dolce vita* and the Italian sun on English and American expatriates who started off as respectable persons.

Douglas came of a Scottish family which had started a successful cotton mill in the Voralberg, close to Lake Constance. He was a keen naturalist and became a classical scholar. As a young man he was a gay bachelor with £2,000 a year who went into the foreign office and chose to be posted to St Petersburg because he wanted to collect the *sheltopusnik*, a limbless reptile (*Ophisaurus apodus*). But for the *sheltopusnik*, his whole life would have been different. In St Petersburg he had an affair with a girl in the highest circles – a Demidoff – and when she became pregnant, he bolted. It was not the first time that he had cleared out when he became entangled in a love affair and it was by no means the last. 'Burn your boats. That has ever been my system in times of crisis.' But sometimes there was someone left in the boat when he set fire to it.

He had visited the Lipari islands in order to study the lizards living on them, but found that the pumice-stone quarries, worked by Italian convicts, were also worked by women and children under appalling conditions. He wrote an admirably balanced factual paper, full of humane feeling, on the subject, and handed it to the British Ambassador in Rome. It led to the abolition of child labour in the quarries. In later years Douglas liked to say that this was the only meritorious act of his whole life.

After leaving the foreign service, Douglas bought himself a lovely house in the Bay of Naples and married his cousin, who was more Austrian than Scottish. She bore him two sons, but the marriage broke up. He divorced her and, after a legal battle, obtained the custody of the children and never allowed her to see them again. He did not see much of them himself. Having lost most of his money, he persuaded a kindly solicitor to be responsible for their education and upkeep. The elder, Archie, was seven, Robin three.

In England he got a job as sub-editor of the *English Review*. It was then that he became a friend of my father, Edward Garnett, and that I first met him. He came down to our cottage in the country: a big man with a highly coloured face who sat in a corner by the window. I was 14 and he soon found that I was also a keen naturalist and talked to me, as an equal, of the birds of Russia (which I had visited) and of the freshwater seal that he had discovered in the lakes of Finland. But my plan of taking him to my favourite haunts in the woods of the High Chart was knocked on the head. My father would not leave me alone with Douglas for one minute.

Compton Mackenzie wrote that after Douglas had been arrested for picking up a young boy in the Natural History Museum, practically all his friends avoided him. Some did not. After my father's death, I found a letter from Violet Scott-James telling Edward of what had occurred and calling on him to help her get Douglas out of England as soon as possible. Once again he had to burn his boats and cross a frontier. It was to become almost a habit.

Douglas is a writer who will always hold a niche in the literature of the first half of the 20th century. When he fled from England, he had already published *Siren Land*, *Old Calabria* and *London Street Games* (a most charming little book), and was writing *South Wind*. In some ways he can be compared with W. H. Hudson. Both were enthusiastic naturalists whose best work brings to life beautiful places and simple primitive people and whose personalities gave a perfume to all they wrote. To my mind Hudson is the greater writer. He is free from the dogmatic aggressiveness which intrudes into much of Douglas's work – perhaps from the desire to shock and justify himself as a pervert. While Hudson's last book, *Far Away and Long Ago*, is almost his best, Douglas's work degenerated into items for book collectors and book making. Mark Holloway describes this well:

> It is a curious picture – Lawrence and Douglas living within a few miles of each other, the one sick beyond recovery and the other bursting with Rabelaisian health, both battering side by side at the doors of respectability; and it is strange to see that it is the sick man who is really concerned, who has the courage of his convictions, whose every blow is sincere and desperate; the other stands there making his clownish faces, and making a fuss over lighting a little squib.

Lawrence was writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Douglas annotating *Some Limericks* – a collection of the most obscene that he could find. Edward Garnett told Douglas that a passage in one of Douglas's books was 'pure gorgonzola', a comment which pleased Douglas very much. He sent Edward all his books with inscriptions. The two men liked each other and Douglas felt gratitude – if only that described as a 'lively sense of favours to come' in the shape of favourable reviews.

Douglas was carving the roast lamb and Pino Orioli, surveying their respective portions, said: 'You think because you wrote *Sous' Vind* that you can help yourself to both the kidneys.' Pino was wrong. Douglas would have taken both kidneys if he had never written a line.

One of the very few silly remarks made by Mr Holloway is that Douglas was not regarded seriously as a writer by Bloomsbury. A favourable review of *South Wind* by Virginia Woolf, something approaching idolisation by Lytton Strachey and Carrington, the admiration of Dorothy Bussy and a congratulatory letter from E. M. Forster are here recorded. What more can Mr Holloway want? It was Lytton Strachey who rendered Douglas the greatest service by introducing his work to Charles Prentice, who became a devoted friend and his publisher. Charles went on a walking tour of Calabria with Douglas, Pino Orioli and Ian Parsons and gave me this account of Douglas, then in his 64th year and a reputed sybarite:

> He walked us off our feet. When night came he knocked at a peasant's hut and demanded food and shelter. After drinking abominable wine and swallowing a piece of hard bread and harder sausage, he lit his pipe, wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down on the earth floor, hopping with fleas, and fell asleep with his pipe in his mouth. At the crack of dawn he roused us, offered us a drink of the foul wine and hustled us off. 'Come, we must be on the road!'

Ten years later Nancy Cunard wrote:

> I cannot tell what charm you had as a young man – nor yet at the age of 40. But damn it! The charm you had then at the age of 75!

The old ruffian might lead one to a discussion of the ethics of hedonism, of those who like myself believe that one can adopt Rabelais's injunction *Fay Ce Que Vouldras*, but who realise that the question 'Why not?' must sometimes be firmly answered. At the end of the book Mr Holloway suggests that it was a love of shooting in boyhood (shared with his brother) which led to a feeling that he had sinned and that this led to an intensification of his misanthropy: he went on 'killing' – that is mocking or deriding – what he had loved.

I think that this is ridiculous nonsense. It was not the birds and animals he shot that he derided. And shooters are not misanthropes. I think that Douglas's callousness can be accounted for by earlier experiences with his nurse: *'die alte Anna'*. She incited him at the age of three to laugh at idiots – all too frequent in the iodine-deficient Alps. 'When they dribbled it was our crowning joy!' This spectacle delighted Douglas all his life. And, like Ellen in *Wuthering Heights*, *die alte Anna*

> had a mania for corpses and the flair of a hyena for discovering their whereabouts . . . She would rush towards it, carrying my baby sister in her arms to save time, while I toddled painfully after. Who knows how many maladies, how many corpses, we inspected at that tender age?

Belsen Concentration Camp would have

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been a paradise for such a woman. The effects lasted. When D. H. Lawrence's body was dug up so that his ashes could be buried in New Mexico, Douglas wrote:

> My dear Auntie, So glad to get your exciting letter about Lawrence. Do tell me more – about bones and skull etc etc . . . Do send me photos of the exhumation, and I shall be glad to pay for them, Your loving Uncle N.

Die alte Anna and the *sheltopusnik* were responsible for what made Norman Douglas go wrong. Mr Holloway has written a very fine biography – but remember that it is far more important to read and enjoy Douglas's books than to try and understand the man who wrote them.

Peter Marshall

William & Mary

Mary, A Fiction and **The Wrongs of Woman** by MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT edited by Gary Kelly *Oxford* £5.75

Enquiry Concerning Political Justice by WILLIAM GODWIN edited by Isaac Kramnick *Penguin* £2.25

> Then saw I mounted on a braying ass,
> William and Mary, sooth, a couple jolly;
> Who married, note ye how it came to pass,
> Although each held that marriage was
> but folly . . .
> Her husband, sans-culottes, was melancholy,
> For Mary verily would wear the breeches –
> God help poor silly men from such
> usurping bitches.

The *Anti-Jacobin Review* thus expressed the general opinion of Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin within a decade of the publication of their major works. Yet when Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* appeared in 1792 it was favourably reviewed and widely read. Godwin's principal treatise, published in the following year, had an even greater impact. Hazlitt wrote:

> No work in our time gave such a blow to the philosophical mind of the country as the celebrated *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*. Tom Paine was considered for the time as Tom Fool to him, Paley an old woman, Edmund Burke a flashy sophist.

It was avidly read by young intellectuals like Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth, by radical leaders like Francis Place and John Thelwall, and by many artisans who clubbed together to pay the high price of three guineas. Godwin's novel, *Things as They Are; or, The Adventures of Caleb Williams*, which appeared a year later, was considered no less of a masterpiece.

It was the misfortune of Wollstonecraft and Godwin to have their names closely linked with the French Revolution. As the reaction against Jacobinism in England grew, so their reputation waned. When in 1797 Wollstonecraft died in childbirth, she was at first vilified, then soon forgotten. Similarly, by 1812 Godwin's eclipse was so great that it was with 'inconceivable emotion' that his future son-in-law Shelley found the author of *Political Justice* to be still alive. De Quincey declared on behalf of polite society that 'most people felt of Mr Godwin with the same alienation and horror as of a ghoul, or a bloodless vampyre, or the monster created by Frankenstein'.

In recent years, Wollstonecraft has been widely recognised as an original thinker and a pioneer feminist. A symptom of her renewed popularity is this OUP publication of her two autobiographical novels, neither of which has been reprinted in England since the 18th century. Gary Kelly's editorship is scholarly, sensitive and illuminating. He traces carefully the development of the author's critical mind from the early Rousseauist *Mary, A Fiction* (1788), which portrays the struggle to escape from feminine sensibility, to the incomplete *The Wrongs of Woman; or, Maria* (1797), which presents the heroine as literally a prisoner of her sex, locked up in a madhouse by her property-grasping husband. The later work, which recalls the title and shares the moral purpose of Godwin's major novel, was Mary Wollstonecraft's most ambitious attempt to express imaginatively her mature thinking. Both novels are uneven, but they offer a vivid account of the emotional and economic situation of women in her day.

Godwin still awaits rehabilitation. His doctrines influenced the early English socialists Robert Owen, William Thompson, and Thomas Hodgskin, and through them his vision of a free and classless society reached Marx. Yet apart from an expensive photographic facsimile which appeared 30 years ago, the Chartists were the last to publish in 1842 an unabridged version of *Political Justice*. The Pelican reprint of Godwin's classic statement of philosophical anarchism is therefore long overdue. It is a pity that the editor Isaac Kramnick should have chosen to publish the third edition of 1798. What it gained in consistency, it lost in daring. Godwin toned down the more extreme passages on anarchy, marriage and immortality, and revised, partly under the influence of his wife, his views on the role of feeling and the value of pleasure. It is, moreover, the first edition which is historically important and difficult to find.

Kramnick's introduction is at times inaccurate and misleading. He claims, for instance, that in his old age Godwin wrote plays and that he came to repudiate most of the radical and visionary doctrines of *Political Justice*. In his old age Godwin wrote novels, and, in his last major work, *Thoughts on Man*, he clarified but did not fundamentally alter his earlier positions. More seriously, Kramnick dismisses those aspects of Godwin's philosophy in *Political Justice* which were responsible for its influence. He advises the reader to pass over such chapters as 'The Characters of Men Originate in their External Circumstances', 'The Voluntary Actions of Men Originate in their Opinions', and 'Of Free Will and Necessity'. Yet these ideas form the basis of Godwin's theory of perfectibility: since human nature is malleable and rational motives necessarily terminate in action, it follows that education and enlightenment will suffice to make mankind 'free, virtuous and wise'. Again, Kramnick would have us ignore the chapter 'Of Self-Love and Benevolence'. But it was Godwin's belief in universal benevolence which made him reject exclusive friendships, family affections, promises and gratitude and won him a prominent place in the history of ethics.

Even in his treatment of Godwin's political views, Kramnick is unreliable. He suggests that Godwin was torn between the 'liberal' value of individuality and the 'non-liberal' value of community. In fact, Godwin's anarchism was a logical extension of the Dissenters' right of private judgment. Far from approving of the 'tyranny of public opinion' so feared by Mill, he stressed that while my neighbour 'may censure me freely and without reserve, he should remember that I am to act by my deliberation and not his'. The claim that Godwin specifically repudiated reform is surprising. Godwin eulogised reform as a 'genial and benignant power' and repeatedly emphasised that he was 'in theory a Republican, but in practice a Whig'. He looked to a revolution in opinions, not on the barricades. It is no less astonishing that Kramnick should charge with elitism a man who opposed the political rule of an elite and argued that all human beings were ultimately capable of enlightenment and self-discipline.

In Kramnick's hands, Godwin the 'bloodless vampyre' has been resurrected as the 'quintessential nay-sayer'. As he is released from historical obscurity, the author of *Political Justice* deserves more careful treatment and more sympathetic understanding. It is time that Godwin was recognized as an original philosopher, an innovating moralist, and the first and most eloquent prophet of libertarian socialism.

Eliot Slater

Its Name Is Lesion

Psychopath: The Case of Patrick Mackay by TIM CLARK and JOHN PENYCATE *Routledge* £3.95

The Social Psychology of Mental Disorder by JIM ORFORD *Penguin* £1.00

At the age of 23 Patrick David Mackay was put on trial for three murders, with two further killings left on file. There were still others to which he confessed; and altogether he may have killed 11 people between July 1973 and March 1975. Together with 24 self-confessed muggings they provided his principal means of support for his last two years of freedom.

There was mental illness in the family affecting his mother and one of his two sisters. His father became an alcoholic, and there were violent scenes in the home before he died of a heart attack. Patrick was then ten, and now the man of the house. He took over his father's chair, refusing to let anyone else use it. He became unmanageable, at home or at school. At the age of 11

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he was before a juvenile court on 21 charges.

He had a wide repertoire, including truanting, stealing, fire-raising, bullying small children, and cruelty to animals. He attacked his dog, tried to strangle a neighbour's cat, tortured his rabbit, and grilled his tortoise alive on an open fire. He was not troubled by remorse for any of his misdeeds, then or in later life. He was subject to rages of extreme violence. He tried to strangle his mother, a foolishly devoted and permissive woman. Several times he attempted suicide. From his first appearance in court at 11 until his eventual trial for murder, his criminal career was unblemished by any endeavour to earn a living, find a girl friend or lead a normal life. Numberless people, teachers, priests, probation officers, social workers, psychiatrists, family and friends, lawyers and police found him hard to understand. The priest came off worst. As Patrick relates,

> he then started to annoy me even more . . . I pulled out my knife and repeatedly plunged it into his neck. I then got a little more excitable and stuck it into the side of his head . . . I grabbed for the axe and repeatedly lashed out with it at his head . . . he sank down into the bath. I then repeatedly got increasingly more annoyed . . .

The legal record is one of abysmal ineffectiveness: probation. school for delinquents, psychiatric ward, adolescent unit, approved school, classifying school, mental hospital, probation; no determined effort was made to protect the public from him until he was sent to Moss Side. He had two spells there, respectively of 14 months and nearly two years. But each time, against the advice of the doctors who knew him, Mental Health Review Tribunals released him to go back to tyrannising over his mother, drinking, drugging, stealing, burgling, mugging, and eventually killing. While he was still 15 he was seen by a Home Office psychiatrist and diagnosed, prophetically, as a 'cold psychopathic killer'. Another psychiatrist thought he would be better on medication. But nothing was done either to find out the cause of his abnormality or to treat it. For the most part both doctors and lay took the line of easy psychological interpretation that explains nothing and suggests no line of effective action.

Nobody seems to have thought that there might be an organic cause for Patrick's troubles. But very likely there was. His fits (dismissed as 'hysterical'), his violent rages and his remorseless savagery suggest a lesion in one of the temporal lobes of the brain, more likely right than left. His history fits in with brain trauma. He was born an overweight baby of 9lb 10oz, and so probably had a protracted labour and more than the normal experience of cerebral anoxia. Brain injury could also have occurred when he was violently assaulted by his father. His IQ of 92, with such a highly articulate boy, presumably combined a high verbality score with a low-performance IQ, a disproportion common in brain-injured children. His brain waves were examined once only, when he was 11, and found within normal limits. But a single straight EEG gets nowhere in uncovering a deep brain lesion, when what is wanted is a series of EEGs with deep electrodes, in sleep, and under drug activation.

One notes also that Patrick's killings start-

Oxford gifts for children

Oxford have Christmas presents for children of all ages. There are full-colour picture books like Fiona French's **Matteo,** £3.25, set in Renaissance Florence, and Brian Wildsmith's **Python's Party,** £2.

Among the fiction for younger children you'll find **The Coathanger Christmas Tree,** £2.50, by Eleanor Estes, about children who are determined that this year they *will* have a Christmas tree; a new translation by Douglas Munro of Alexandre Dumas's classic tale, **The Nutcracker,** £3.95, the inspiration for Tchaikovsky's ballet; John Rowe Townsend's delightful first book for younger children called **Top of the World,** £2.50; and **Silver Everything/Many Mansions,** £2.95, by Winifred Cawley, a follow-up to **Gran at Coalgate,** £2.50, which won the 1974 Guardian Award.

Oxford Novels make splendid gifts for older children. Try Hester Burton's **To Ravensrigg,** £2.95, which is set in the slave-trade era of the 1780s, and **Collision Course,** £2.95, by Nigel Hinton, a compelling story of how one adolescent boy comes to terms with his conscience.

Some general titles to solve those last-minute present problems. How about the **Oxford Book of Poetry for Children,** £5, and a book of nursery rhymes called **Lavender's Blue,** £5?

And for your Christmas book-tokens, Rosemary Sutcliff's eagerly-awaited new historical novel **Blood Feud**, £2.95, to be published on 6 January.

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ed after he had become a heavy drinker. Biochemical changes in the blood, such as excessive water or lowered blood sugar, would be effective in firing off an abnormal electrical focus in the brain, if it existed. The killings occurred in an altered state of consciousness, with partial amnesia subsequently. He said, 'there is a hell of a lot from the point of view of these killings that I cannot myself remember', and, 'I felt hellish and very peculiar inside. This peculiar feeling I had for several days before and after each killing.' If there was a temporal lobe abnormality in Patrick's brain when he was doing his killings, it is there today. If it had been discovered before he began killing, it might have been controlled by drug treatment.

Tim Clark and John Penycate tell Patrick's horrific story in the straight English of practised reporters. Jim Orford should have preferred the same clear style to his interminable polysyllabic circumlocutions. However, his fully researched and referenced review of the psycho-sociological approach to mental disorders helps to explain why the social agencies, where they feed on that kind of diet, fail so utterly in dealing with the mentally disordered. At the end of each of his chapters of description and discussion, Dr Orford gives us a paragraph of conclusions. And there are no conclusions. 'Nothing much is known,' he says, 'that isn't open to dispute.' Social psychology has no avenues to the analysis of cause and effect; it is concerned with groups, and gives us no help when we are up against the individual.

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Robert Melville

Dressage

On Human Finery by QUENTIN BELL *Hogarth Press* £6.00

Quentin Bell writes about the constantly changing fashion in fine clothes as an essentially European expression of privilege which for several centuries involved royalty and its courts, and later the merely wealthy, in an almost ceaseless battle to outwit and outspend the emulators. He makes extensive use of Thorstein Veblen's economic and sociological approach to fashion, and his study opens with a quotation from *The Theory of the Leisure Class*:

> It is true of dress in even a higher degree than of most other items of consumption, that people will undergo a very considerable degree of privation in the comforts or the necessaries of life in order to afford a decent amount of wasteful consumption . . .

And although Bell's chief interest is in the finery of the leisure class, in which wasteful consumption is a way of life, he agrees with Veblen – who doesn't? – that 'the need of dress is eminently a "higher" or spiritual need'. I recall that the sharpest miseries of my adolescence were caused by defects in the cheap suits the family's low income compelled me to wear.

It is only quite recently that advances in the technology of mass production have enabled the public in general to feel reasonably well-dressed. This has to a large extent blurred class distinctions and perhaps royalty has suffered most from the speeding up of the emulative process and the democratisation of fashion. In the 16th century no one would have dared and few could have afforded to rival the splendour of Queen Elizabeth's apparel. Now it has been difficult to remain distinctively regal without being downright eccentric. In this connection Bell refers to the obsolete hats worn by George V's consort, but fails to mention that they perched on her head in a way that was next best to wearing her crown whenever she appeared in public.

He has clever and amusing things to say about conspicuous consumption, vicarious consumption (the gorgeous attire of the lackey symbolises the wealth and importance of the more soberly clad employer) and conspicuous outrage. (Fashionwise, Queen Mary's hats belong as clearly to this category as do George Melly's Al Capone suits.) In a chapter on sumptuosity he notes that the low-cut evening gown has been a respectable – even obligatory – feature of high fashion for a long time. 'By the end of the 18th century,' he says, 'it was customary in the upper and middle classes at a certain hour of the afternoon to "dress", which in effect meant largely to undress', and quotes the description by a visiting Mohammedan prince of a correct musical evening in Kensington in the 1880s:

> . . . these females had stripped off the greater part of their clothing, leaving their arms, shoulders and the greater part of their breasts bare . . . whether they were sold or allotted in some other fashion to the gentlemen who attended the gathering I do not know; my guide induced me to leave the party before the time of fornication had been announced.

Bell endorses Veblen's view that every new style has to conform to the 'requirements of reputable wastefulness and futility', but rejects his conclusion that therefore all fashion is ugly and its charms spurious. He supports his own more moderate view with Baudelaire's contention that there are two kinds of beauty, the one permanent, the other fugitive, and in a short (too short) essay on fashion and the fine arts, somewhat arbitrarily called Appendix A, he brings the fugitive and the permanent into an enchantingly close relationship.

> . . . remember that of the great monuments, many, perhaps most, were built for a purpose which Veblen would have described as futile. The great megaliths, ziggurats, pyramids, pagodas, mosques and cathedrals were not built to produce but to consume wealth.

Surprisingly, he rarely takes the opportunity of illustrating fashions with paintings by the masters, and uses too many undistinguished fashion plates and unfunny cartoons. The superb exception is Pisanello's *St George*: sumptuosity, conspicuous consumption, futile expenditure and make-believe usefulness all come magnificently together in the saint's fanciful suit of armour. He could never have killed the dragon in such a get-up. He poses proudly beside the beast, but it was probably slaughtered for him by his servants.

Richard North

Other People

Friends and Lovers by ROBERT BRAIN *Hart-Davis, MacGibbon* £4.25

Anthropology has the merit of being more real than philosophy and less mechanistic than sociology. At least, that is its obvious appeal, and those are the obvious lay insults we hurl at the disciplines which are its closest neighbours in the academic spectrum. We think about the weird habits of exotic peoples because self-consideration requires some fulcrum outside the overcrowded space of our own heads. Those poor 'primitives' get researchers just as they were once, and perhaps still are, made to get religion, and the results are philosophically useful because they help us to play our own word games through seeing what words and categories other people employ for the description of their minds and lives. Similarly, in the sociology department, the experiences academic globetrotters bring back help us to imagine a way out of the blind alleys we think our own society has reversed into.

The results of anthropology and its ethnographical comparisons are great fun, as *Disappearing World* showed us in television programmes which put these lines of

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thought into millions of people's ken. Dr Brain's book knows it must deliver the goods:

> In Tanzania, if a man meets a woman who is his special friend, he may insult her, throw her to the ground, and pummel her like a boxing bag.

They think *they* have fun: 'In Mali best friends throw excrement at each other and comment loudly on the genitals of their respective parents . . .' Simple curiosity alone would make it interesting to read about the way other people go on. We used to feel rather smug about it all; no longer. *Friends and Lovers* concerns itself with how friendships (roughly speaking, relationships of trust and affection not based on sex, kinship, or unattainability) flourish more readily in almost any society in the world than in our own capitalistic, individualist, industrialised parts, where divorce, romance, and computer dating are the alternative. On the other hand, Dr Brain does have to admit that often friendships amongst the noble savages are formed because one needs some sort of protection against the bad magic mother may be working: that kinship has even deeper hassles for the primitive than it does for us.

Perhaps Dr Brain is at his best when he delineates the idea that friendship is most soundly sprung from necessity, that the notion of choosing a friend for reasons of 'suitability', altruism, or morality is delusive, and that it would be better if our world were such that we needed particular people in a consistent way, and came to build habits of acceptance and affection round people who were a part of our lives as a matter of function rather than entertainment. This looks like an understandable nostalgia for stability, based on a commerce which owes more to market and smallholding than to factory and *bourse*.

Dr Brain has taken our particular bit of world, and decided things are better done elsewhere. He argues against hoping that passion and romance can survive marriage and that this doesn't matter. We could have, instead, marriages whose basis was friendliness; we could cultivate friendships; and relegate 'in loveness' to its proper, adolescent, position. These thoughts, so far from being original, are everyday reading under the hairdryers of the West.

Much of the edifice the author constructs on his casework is either unsteady or unnecessary. Prescriptions based on cultures distant in time or space beg the question which assails anthropologists, as it does transient tourists who rave about the sturdy and simple peasants they think they've met in, say, southern Europe on holiday: are these good people happy? Most of what Dr Brain proposes could be derived from Bermondsey or The Boltons: the Bwanga are almost redundant to his case. A similar difficulty arose when the study of animal behaviour looked to provide such exciting metaphors in the Sixties: the lessons learned on convenient animals (and the same goes for primitives) may just not travel well.

Clear thinking and clichés, large themes (often inconclusively discussed) and small ones, rub shoulders, and are discussed in a style which is often – appropriately? – too friendly and informal. In roughly equal parts, the book is part primer, part potboiler; it is sometimes profound. One got quite fond of it, but irritation – not anthropology – kept ardour at bay.

Roy Fuller

Digging in Autumn

Robin
A leaf I took it for,
Then saw it was a robin
That fell. So light its soar,
A leaf I took it for.
It rested on the floor
As vivid as a bobbin.
A leaf I took it for
Then saw it was a robin.

Vitreous Floater
I thought a robin flew.
When a spot danced swiftly by
Just in my field of view
I thought a robin flew,
Then saw it was this new
Defect of my ageing eye.
I thought a robin flew
When a spot danced swiftly by.

C. H. Rolph

Main Causes

Man of Christian Action: Canon John Collins – the Man and His Work edited by Ian Henderson *Lutterworth* £3.50

'I am often wrong,' says Mr J. B. Priestley, looking back (as he's been doing lately); and he goes on to declare in the opening essay in this festchrift for Canon Collins of St Paul's that he was wrong in thinking the Canon 'an ordinary rebellious cleric'; nor was he 'too easy-going, patient and good-natured' to chair any kind of campaign committee. I was a bit surprised at this. Serving on committees under John Collins I've always enjoyed the patience and the good-nature, but I don't see how anyone could have thought him easy-going. That is not the quality that gets him through a long agenda at such a lick, or convinces the loquacious that they have had their turn. But any man, and any cause – CND, Christian Action, the British Defence and Aid Fund, the Homeless in Britain Fund – would have gone a long way towards self-justification merely by bringing together this collection of distinguished essays, oddly assorted though they sometimes seem.

Oddly assorted because they don't all concern Canon Collins and his work. The late Father Tom Corbishley, for example, in a rather loosely arranged piece on social compassion, doesn't even mention him. Still, he does talk of Christian Action here and there. Miss Iris Murdoch, in her brilliant essay on self-realisation – she calls it 'The

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Intuition of Unity in Morals' – seems almost to have got in by accident: she could have written it as a mischievous introduction to a moral theology text-book. It has no more to do with Canon Collins than with any other thinking man, be he priest or Pagan. Mervyn Jones writes the best short account of CND that I have seen anywhere, and from it there emerges most clearly the John Collins known to me – 'a very English sort of man', having 'an intuitive sympathy with anyone acting from sincere principles, even when he thought the resultant action ill-advised'; a man for whom the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament was and is at once 'an exaltation and an ordeal'.

Jacquetta Hawkes describes beautifully how John Collins's various causes cleared themselves of any oppressive respectability and built up the momentum to carry their partisans along. And only occasionally, in this affectionate book, does affection smother judgment, as in Canon Joseph Robinson's assertion that 'only the future historian will be able to say precisely how much the change of opinion that has taken place is owing to the sermons of John Collins'. More to the point is Bishop Trevor Huddleston's certainty that '*informed* opposition to apartheit in Britain owes as much to John Collins and Christian Action as *informed* opposition to the slave trade owed to Wilberforce'.

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Julian Barnes

Many a Snip

The Widower's Son by ALAN SILLITOE *W. H. Allen* £3.95
Blue Skies by HELEN HODGMAN *Duckworth* £2.95
Until the Colours Fade by TIM JEAL *Hamish Hamilton* £4.50

Anyone still limp-wristed from David Storey's Booker-winning saga of painful progress from a Yorkshire pit village may well feel zestless about a tale of painful progress from a Nottinghamshire pit village. Which would be hard cheese on Alan Sillitoe, whose new novel has both individuality and resilience. His prose still tends to confuse awkwardness with integrity (in two consecutive sentences he chalks up a total of three *as ifs*, one *as though*, plus an *as*), and there is a miscalculated eight-page reworking of the tired metaphor of love as warfare ('She took off her blouse. "It's so damned hot. I send 300 mounted infantry in all directions and can't find any part of you" '), which cries out for an editorial snip; but there is the same sort of gritty drive behind the narrative as there is behind its soldier hero, William Scorton.

Trained by his martinet father and the army to be wary and competent and keep his emotional distance, he winds up as a lieutenant-colonel married to a brigadier's classy daughter: a Lampton-like seal on his career, it would seem, except that, as the Fifties novelists frequently pointed out, such climaxes are usually hollow. Sure enough, the cracks appear, and the central part of the novel contains a tough but touching portrait of the disintegration of William's marriage. The same apartness of character which marked the early Sillitoe heroes, pursuing self-knowledge and self-fulfilment from their isolation, both provokes the breakdown and enables him, after a suicide attempt, to survive it. Finally, William becomes a schoolmaster, returns to his roots, and marries again.

> Now that he seemed beyond everything [he is 60] he was most himself, which was where he should have been before he got into anything at all. But whose life ever worked out like that?

Mr Sillitoe's question, which hangs over the end of the book, is partly explication, partly challenge. The *déclassé* is reclassified, the search and the core of separateness justified. What about you?

Wry, abbreviated female fictions about pained, self-conscious ladies are becoming a Duckworth trademark (not surprisingly, with a backlist containing Dorothy Parker and Firbank). So picking up Helen Hodgman's first novel (no thicker than a Christmas *Radio Times*) and glancing at the title, *Blue Skies*, I gave a wry, abbreviated laugh: she must be joking. She is. The enviably easy materialism of life in a Hobart beach-suburb is (you guessed!) flat, bleak and repetitive; the white man's paradise is haunted by the black man's graveyard; and the vacant, threatening landscape of the interior reflects and activates similar interior landscapes. Miss Hodgman's narrator, a detached and unkeen wife/mother/daughter-in-law, trapped in a soft routine, protests psychosomatically by sleeping and waking at unsocial hours, and lives for the days she visits her unconventional friends, a slightly gay restaurateur and a kaftaned artist. The vacuous expanses of placid, pointless marriage are well drawn – togetherness being a visit to the supermarket or a weekend drive – and the rising sense of crack-up firm but not over-emphatic. When the two non-straight friends are duffed up by lunkhead social elements, anyone familiar with the publisher's colophon braces himself for a zany death or two; and indeed, the closing suburban gothic (involving an electric lawn-mower) is certainly inventive.

The main complaint is of sloppy editing down at Duckworth: what are they there for except to point out to down-under authoresses that the National Trust doesn't put preservation orders on buildings? More importantly, they could suggest in a kindly fashion to first novelists that keen transposition, as in 'the simulated-leather dimensions of her three-piece suite', doesn't actually brighten the prose; and that to have a man working hard to 'prepare for his financial fatherhood' merely makes it look as if Miss Hodgman imagines financial to be a synonym for expensive. She should have been better served.

Tim Jeal's editor, on the other hand, presumably suggests inclusions rather than cuts or changes. *Until the Colours Fade* bundles and chapters every possible aspect of mid-Victorian life, from Nob Row to the workhouse and Bohemia to the industrial Midlands, not forgetting military, sporting and brothel life. I'd forgotten how comforting historical novels can be: the fact that the past cannot now be otherwise seems to rub reliability off on to the characters. Unless clearly labelled 'fickle, headstrong', you know they'll stay true to themselves and you. When, on page 18, an army officer meets Mr Jeal's artist hero and goes away after a few minutes' chat with 'an intuitive hunch that, if faced with a clear-cut moral decision, Strickland would side with the angels', you know the insight is good for a few hundred pages.

There's a similar fearless symmetry about the plot, which works themes of jealousy and ambition in a manufacturing town towards sanguinary conclusion in the Crimean War. Period detail is often amusingly right, but it's essentially a novel of pleasing info, rather than one which challenges the quality or concerns of real Victorian novels. There's too much of 'All through the summer, the eastern crisis had seemed remote and trivial in comparison with his love for Helen' and 'Fear like an ice-cold knife bit into his entrails' for that; and the dialogue trundles along on Victorianesque auto-pilot. The attraction, I suppose, lies in the sort of posh pash one doesn't get in today's grubby novels, and in the brief company of women like Helen, the icy heartbreaker whose face is 'redeemed from classic perfection by a sprinkling of faint freckles across the bridge of her nose'. Defects like that, some of us could do with more of.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Eric Sams

Benjamin Britten, 1913–1976

'I'm sorry you had to die/To make me sorry/You're not here now,' said Kingsley Amis of his father. That must be even truer of those father-figures, the national heroes. They can never be properly esteemed in their lifetimes, because public applause must await the final curtain. Then comes a massive and fulsome funeral ovation complete with eulogies designed to compensate for their own previous absence. That is why obituarists are not on oath, and obsequies tend to be obsequious.

For Lord Britten the time began out of joint. He was born just before the first world war, and started on his campaign as a composer just before the second. Then his earliest sorties became caught in a crossfire from Right and Left. When his collaboration with Auden, *Our Hunting Fathers*, was first performed in 1938 it seems to have puzzled or scandalised the actual hunting fathers in the audience, the squires from the shires who approved only of the title. By following Auden to America early in 1939 and staying there until 1942, Britten courted expulsion not only from every right-thinking man's club but also by the Left Book Club. Much had been expected of a young progressive who had composed a *Ballad of Heroes* in honour of British members of the International Brigade. To be pacific from across the Atlantic was a disappointing reaction, probably prompting ironic allusion to another early title: *Advance, Democracy (unaccompanied)*. His convictions were upheld by a tribunal as sincere according to their lights. But lesser lights, especially those who were more combatant if less competent, were decidedly put out. Such hostilities continued after the war, as Britten became increasingly prolific, prominent and prosperous.

In all this, the innocent victim closely resembled the heroes of the musico-dramatic works by which he will be remembered. Like them too he was flayed skinless by his own vulnerability. Biographers have testified to his long memory for real or fancied slights; a thoughtless remark or a trifling censure could nettle and sting him for a lifetime. Elgar had to endure the same purgatory of the super-sensitised and dedicated artist in an uncaring or hostile environment; it was like being pegged out on an ant-hill. One cause was the continuing dearth of firm-rooted musical tradition. Another was the propensity of the populace (as already pointed out by Pepys) to be always laughing and jeering at anything that seemed strange. Serious English opera, and the company it kept, must have seemed very strange indeed.

The predictable outcome was a certain estrangement from the Establishment, both musical and general. And of course there was a defensive reaction from Britten and his entourage, with black looks, books and perhaps even listings. In the ensuing skirmishes the cutting and bruising were fairly superficial. But the decisive factor was surely that Britten and his music were almost invariably in the friendliest of alliances with ordinary music-lovers, regardless of critical or other factions. At first sight this seems surprising. Britten's art avowedly expresses human feeling; but its relation to the game of life as commonly played is very far from evident. Compare personal experience to a round of solo in which fate deals out the cards in the four customary suits: love, money, friends and work (or as one might say, hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades). On this analogy, Britten is not so much playing the game as telling fortunes, with a markedly different and indeed wicked pack of cards, composed of the Beaten Boy, the Fool, the Hanged Sailor, and so on. These were really the same card, which kept on turning up, as if forced or palmed, throughout the musico-dramatic works. Their protagonists always embody agonies; they are regularly raped, corrupted, derided, deserted, drowned, whipped and even pickled, in ways that seem to invite parody. No wonder one of them sings 'Please don't send me up again'. All their features wear the same expression of injured innocence. The unsympathetic analyst might infer a case-history of sado-masochistic Narcissism. But the discerning opera-goer has always known that the musical utterance is brave, generous, outgoing, inspiring and durable.

Its typical lyric style, with dissonance and thin-textured scoring, often featuring solo instruments, and with special emphasis on percussion, is almost a sonorous image of individual emotion standing alone in a harsh hairshirt or penitential sheet. The composer's voice does indeed speak of pain or evil; but what it has to say can be construed as good news for modern man. First it announces that contemporary music can be immediately accessible to all; its themes and idioms are recognisably continuous with the great music of the past. Secondly, and more surprisingly, it can unite classes and nations as well as centuries and generations. The reason is surely that all Britten's art, whether sacred or secular, is essentially religious and specifically Christian in inspiration. Has there been any greater Protestant composer since Bach and Handel?

Naturally Britten was a born Anglican; and the theology of his operas is that of C. S. Lewis. Distress and tension are necessary preludes to peace and release. Pain is not merely salutary but actively Salvationist; it is (as Lewis said, in his own sonorous metaphor), 'the megaphone through which God shouts at a deaf world'. So the great Britten scores help to pierce the oto-sclerosis of moral nerve-fibre. Affliction is portrayed as beneficial to the suffering hero because it leads to submission of the self and hence to a state of grace. It is also beneficial to the other characters in the drama, because it arouses their compassion. The audience can derive and enjoy both these benefits, and is thus twice blessed. The whole performance, stage and auditorium, is a microcosm of the real world.

Such an analysis might at least help to explain the observed gamut of reactions ranging from flat rejection to joyous acceptance, with every possible overtone of dissent and schism, even among adherents. What cannot be denied is Britten's dominion in space and time, greater than that of any other British composer. Like religion, it extends from the universal to the individual. Britten has the widest range of verbal sources of inspiration, drawn from all languages, all styles, all periods. Similarly, he has also the widest range of musical sources and resources. To take only one example, his own vocal writing is remote and even alien from the Lied tradition; yet of that tradition he is an absolute master, as his records as an accompanist prove. Even the great Poulenc said, *'Après Ben je renonce à jouer Schubert.'* He is thus an internationally acknowledged figure. But he also represents nationhood and community. The people are ubiquitous in his opera plots and choruses, his folksong strains, traditional influences and popular melodies. The music creates and serves its own Sunday school of instruction and delight for the young, its own community centre of festival and jubilee. Above all it celebrates individual friendship and love.

With so much life left in so much music there can be no question of speaking of its composer in the past tense. On the contrary: he is now all future. From the day of his death the world will begin in earnest to celebrate his birthdays.

Films

John Coleman

Fêted

My Name is Nobody *Gala Royal*
20th London Film Festival

Thrice, at least, upon a time there was Sergio Leone, father of the spaghetti-Western: now his assistant, Tonino Valerii, is throwing pistol-packing pasta in our general direction. Were it not that Henry Fonda had been persuaded to figure in the accurately-called *My Name is Nobody*, a sort of parody of a genre I lean towards hating, there would probably have been no account of it here. As it is, this wretched, aspiring comedy is the one about a fabled old gunslinger who wants to chuck it in, has even bought a ticket to Yurrop, but is summoned to a grand finale by a blue-eyed admirer (male) who is as quick on the draw

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as his hero. (Don't ask me – I didn't write the script: Ernesto Gastaldi did.) Mr Fonda, made-up to his eyebrows, registers roughly as irritated as your reviewer when young Nobody (Terence Hill) gushingly turns up, telling him stuff like "82 was one of your best years'. It is now 1899, by a subtlety I am prepared to let escape me, and there is a tombstone around with 'Sam Peckinpah' engraved on it and a Wild Bunch of 150 men is after old Fonda/Beauregard. The kindest approach to this aberration is crabwise: it must have been more fun to make than it is to see. But – my name is nothing – how to dissuade you from wasting your money?

In the same vein, since we have opened it, how to persuade distributors to pick up a dozen or so items from the recently concluded London Film Festival? This was a bumper occasion, with over 90 separate events (counting programmes of shorts. 'The Best of Oberhausen', etc.), and – I can't help feeling – a shade too much of a good thing. Part of this reaction stems from simple annoyance: on skates and with eyes in the back of my head, I could not hope to cover the assembled goodies adequately. Both the Truffauts missed, though one has been bought for certain; failed to catch the Rosi; whatever was on the other fellow's plate is what one should have ordered. Nevertheless, petulance will get us nowhere. Maybe our festival of festivals, its selectors taking movies from prize-available happenings like Cannes, Berlin, Locarno, even Bombay, is properly unique. It aims to cover the cinematic water-front, it gives no awards, it is – in the economic weather prevailing – appropriate.

It also wants attention and proffered a couple of films extremely unlikely to get past the censor. Here follow reports. Nagisa Oshima's *Empire of the Senses* carried a warning booklet note: 'This film contains scenes of an explicit nature which could offend some viewers. The screenings are for members only.' A mauve member is one of the stars in this odd affair, which – against my expectations – I liked a lot, though the mauveness puzzles me, never having taken a communal bath in Osaka, or wherever. 'Explicit' is correct: this is a very honest Japanese *Last Tango*: it is utterly committed to sexual obsession. For most of its length, a girl and a pimp make love. I was fortunate enough to drop asleep during the last reel, where the girl cuts off her lover's penis. Someone up there likes me. But before this saving slumber there had been no pain. How to describe an obvious shocker which failed to shock because it was so straightforward about mad, possessed copulation? Based, one is told, on something that occurred back in 1936, when a woman was found wandering the streets with a presumably shrivelled organ in her hand, it is simply the frankest, least worrying visual pursual of a one-to-one sexual mania that has yet been displayed. Of course, it is for those over the age of consent, but it is not a dirty movie.

Pasolini's *Salo, or the 120 Days of Sodom* absolutely is. De Sade, from whom the substance is drawn, was always one of the major sexual bores in history and this narrative – with its perm-any-eight-from-10 perversions – is surely his tiredest, LP graffito. It says something for where we are all heading that the Odeon, Leicester Square, was packed out last Sunday morning. I have my reason prepared: I was there on your behalf. There were other shamed, sick faces around me, as we sagged out – what was their excuse? A basic fact about the divine Marquis is that, even on the page, he was outrageous enough to be funny: all those monstrous phallic engines and so on. And there were nervous guffaws in the house as the sexy older ladies related their supposedly arousing anecdotes, to an audience (on camera) of nude boys and girls. Four men of importance – a president, a monsignor, a magistrate, a nobleman – have been up-dated, to transpose the fantasy into a pseudo-realistic context: Mussolini's Italy of 1943. They snickeringly do hideous nasties on their victims: they ought to be ludicrous but the director was clearly at the end of his tether and establishes, through baleful binocular shots, a full bill of tortures. Before these even we have been made to eat (or watch actors eating) pretend-excrement. Black pudding, said a friend, attempting to save my mind. No. No jokes. Can one speak ill of the dead? It feels as if this was Pasolini's last will and testament: he might, having perpetrated it, have paid his killer to run him over.

This LFF was remarkable for its documents, and – to those already praised in these columns – one should add *Big Banana Feet*, directed by Murray Grigor, Patrick Higson, Ian Leslie and David Peat: it centres on that super Scots nut, Billy Connolly, and is better than just funny. Back to fiction and a warmish word for the Spanish *The Long Holidays of 1936*, made by Jaime Camino, an intelligent, risky, gamey glance at a vacationing family that decides to stay put on an extended holiday from Barcelona when the Civil War breaks out: it tucks in a whole mess of history. From West Germany, Helma Sanders's *Shirin's Wedding*, which is touching and thoughtful for about two-thirds of its time: then it goes sentimental. Shirin is a young Turkish girl who comes to Cologne in search of her Mahmoud, becomes slave-labourer, finally – dammit –goes on the streets and is murdered. A similar corniness informs another first feature I wanted to recommend, B. V. Karanth's *Chomana's Drum*, adapted from a classic Indian novel. Again, it has the spareness of truth, filmed raw, with an untouchable old man banging his frustrations out on the skin of that drum, drinking himself into a corner as the Brahmins and Christians around him do him down, ultimately losing as evidently as he was from the first. Still, a movie like this – no matter how fictitious its origins – joins hands with what has been best this year on the South Bank: records from foreign parts, echoes from other places, other rooms.

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID GARNETT's best-known novel is *Lady into Fox* (1922). His latest book, *Up She Rises*, will be published next spring.

ELIOT SLATER was the Editor of the *British Journal of Psychiatry*, 1961-72. Among his publications are *Introduction to Physical Methods of Treatment in Psychiatry* and a collection of poems, *The Ebbless Sea*.

ROY FULLER's new collection of light verse, *Poor Roy*, is coming out early next year.

Art

John Spurling

On the Move

The Complete Sculptures of Degas *Lefevre Gallery*
Elisabeth Frink *Waddington and Tooth Galleries II*
Marc: Political Caricatures and Cartoons *Thomas Gibson Fine Art*

'Sculpture should not represent actual physical movement . . . I believe that sculpture is made out of static, immovable material.' Thus Henry Moore, in an interview printed in the catalogue for the 1970 Rodin exhibition. Now with the arrival at galleries a few streets apart of the complete sculptures of Rodin's contemporary Degas and the most recent work of Elisabeth Frink, a generation younger than Henry Moore, the movers are in again.

Only one of Degas's sculptures – the *Petite danseuse de quatorze ans*, of which there is a cast in the Tate – was exhibited in his lifetime. The other 72 (mostly dancers, horses and women at their toilette) are what could be salvaged and cast from the 150-or-so pieces scattered about his rooms after his death in 1917. It is a pity that this remarkable collection is now being shown in such adverse circumstances: the smaller pieces placed along shelves inside glass cupboards, like the contents of a Victorian china-cabinet, the larger ones on plinths of varying heights along the walls, like the prizewinners of some Olympic dancing championship. One cannot go behind them, and their serried ranks tend to interfere with the side-view too. Furthermore, the catalogue introduction by the acknowledged expert on the subject, John Rewald, concerns itself solely with the confusing provenance of the pieces – this was apparently the master set of casts, discovered some years ago in the cellar of the founder, Adrien A. Hébrard – and leaves out such points of elementary interest as that Degas probably made sculptures throughout his career, not only when in later life he had become too blind to paint, and that it is impossible to date any piece for certain or to do more than guess at the order in which they were made.

Degas's representation of movement is at the opposite pole from Rodin's. There is no overt drama, no striving for cosmic significance, no attitude struck against the sky. Here – just as in the paintings – are private creatures, whether horse or woman, absorbed in a single physical activity, walking trotting, prancing or rearing, looking at the sole of a foot, putting on a stocking, execut-

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ing an arabesque or a Spanish dance, washing or drying herself. Even the dancers at rest, including the *petite danseuse*, are performing a positive task. For the sculptor it is a question of finding the exact objective equivalent in inert matter for the momentary concentration of all the living body's faculties – a kind of three-dimensional snapshot. The comparatively small range of activities represented and the fact that there are often several versions of each give some idea of his persistence, which, as his sight failed, became increasingly heroic for both sculptor and model. Not that any heroic overtones escaped into his art: even a potentially theatrical subject like *Woman Taken Unawares* (Degas once regretted that he did not live in those naturally traditional days when painters were free to paint Susanna and the Elders) is no more, no less than a naked woman bending forward to cover herself while looking back over her shoulder at some intruder. It was the essence of the ordinary that Degas was after, the classically perfect restatement of a few chosen phrases in the body's language.

Elisabeth Frink's horses are as unassumingly observed as Degas's. To his vocabulary she has added horses lying down and rolling over – the head, neck and line of the backbone remain graceful, but the heavy body comes to look as awkward as those of Degas's women leaning out of their chairs to dry themselves, while the curled forelegs are mere appendages and the backlegs levers. Her humans, however, belong to another world, one with mythological pretensions. I find it difficult to decide how far Frink shares these pretensions herself, how far they are an ironic comment on the nature of the beast she is describing. She is, of course, as exclusively concerned with the male body as Degas was with the female. I incline to the ironic view, because although her bird-men, assassins, sentinels and warriors are overtly aggressive, figures prepared for some wind-blown, neanderthal reckoning, there is an unmistakable air of inadequacy about them. While the top half makes a display of strength, swelling and jutting in the face of an unseen challenge, the pose of the attenuated legs conveys indecision, weakness and the urge to run.

The two largest pieces in her current show – *Praecursor* and *Protomartyr* – have actually taken to their heels. Six and seven-feet-tall bronzes, they derive from that appealing giant of 1964, *First Man*, powerful of chest and limb, but scratching his head in bewilderment. These are figures at the end of their resources, heads thrown back, chests bursting, legs and arms defying gravity, too occupied with their physical exhaustion to be offering any sort of threat, pretentious only in their sense of their own pathos, the race run, the pursuer shaken off.

Frink's other recent preoccupation (she is an artist as obsessive over a few chosen subjects as Degas) with monumental bronze heads has been modified in the same direction. Gone are the polished goggles and the truculent thrust of the huge chins and rudimentary noses which suggested at once aggression and self-protection; instead there is a group of four heads without goggles, their eyes closed, their chins tilted away, their noses more sensitively defined. Theatrical still, they solicit sympathy rather than

No wonder he's pleased — at least among that lot there's one he really wanted

NEW STATESMAN

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Incidentally — he has also received this attractive greetings card telling him who was his benefactor.

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fear or obeisance. Perhaps it is male vanity which makes me hope that Frink will eventually show us moving men who are not actors, as Degas showed us ballerinas who were only women in motion.

On your way between the two shows you can call in for light relief at an exhibition of Marc's caricatures of our political leaders – vaudeville actors at best. Marc gives them just enough lines to hang themselves, without any appearance of deliberate cruelty. These were the illustrations to a recent satirical poem, whose author I will not mention in case he should write another letter to the NEW STATESMAN.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

'His' and 'Hers'

Counting the Ways *Olivier*
Which way Are You Facing? *New Vic, Bristol*
The Fosdyke Saga *Bush*

There are several unmistakable signs of a profoundly boring play. One is the sound of my friend, the critic of *The Times*, crackling his knuckles somewhere behind me. Another is that perfectly good actors lapse into a slow, psalmic way of speaking, which gives even their soi-disant jokes a kind of lugubrious throb. Another is a 'poetic' style of dialogue, full of precious cadences and twee fiddling with grammar, so that 'I've long known that' turns into 'having known that, aware of that, and longer', and someone's inventory of grown-up grief can become a bewildering 'three times, I think, in long pants, Auden, a cat, a very old play, something to do with civilisation'. As followers of late Albee will have already deduced, I'm quoting here from the jottings I made at *Counting the Ways*, which carries all these symptoms to palsied extremes. It lasts one hour only; but that hour left me feeling I'd spent an evening fidgeting in an expensive and pretentious restaurant while a peculiarly snooty waiter insisted on serving me, with impeccable sloth, elaborate objects that turned out to be BR buns in disguise.

The subject, as the title's invocation of the famous sonnet indicates, is love; but one would hardly know it. The two characters ('He' and 'She') never touch, and, indeed, give little impression of ever having done so. They pass their time conversing in inverted commas, as if their voices were silver tongs and their words tiny lumps of sugar, to be coyly dumped in each others' lapsang souchong. He, one gathers, is excessively enamoured of her cooking; she wonders if he loves her. Her memories of a childhood romance are punctuated by his offstage cries of 'where are my shirts?'. He elegantly rails at her decision to instal twin beds in their room. She asks him, 'do you cheat on me a lot?', to which he replies, with characteristic self-consciousness, 'no, I do not . . . good phrasing'. As a history of a relationship, it is arch, stylised and strangely banal; and the only authentically human moment comes when, for some reason best known to Albee, Beryl Reid is allowed to step outside the role of 'She' and tell us, in her own character, a funny story of how she once fended off an unwelcome visitor by telling her, 'I'm in bed with someone I don't know very well.' Her immediacy and warmth contrast damningly with the mincing protocol of the play itself.

That moment apart, I can't say I was greatly taken either by Miss Reid or by Michael Gough, whose 'He' spends much of his time grinning with singular lack of charm. But who could blame them for their awkwardness, given the eccentricities of the script? At one point Mr Gough is obliged to shred a rose, crying 'she loves me, she loves me not' as the bits waft down, and then, finding his progress too slow, to bite off and swallow the rest of the bud. Thereupon Miss Reid begins to glue the petals back on to the mangled stem, whimsically repeating the same words in reverse. This provokes Mr Gough to a long, abstruse and no doubt equally symbolic reverie about dandelions, which ends with him bawling 'here, here, here!' while the lights flash on and off and a whip cracks invisibly offstage. So it goes on, leaving us to wonder what on earth happened to the sharp and witty Albee we once admired. His sense of humour, feeling for conflict, instinct for language, power to create character and control situation, and knack for reaching and touching an audience have all been in slow decline since the all-electric aggro of *Virginia Woolf*; but it is still hard to believe that he should have plummeted as far as these fey, empty, out-of-touch events, this prolonged act of literary self-love.

There's no doubting John Bowen's own answer to the question bluntly asked by his *Which Way Are You Facing?* He's scrunched up into a kind of granny knot, his head pushed through his legs, up beneath his armpit, and then swivelled round to face any of a score of ways. Maybe contemporary society is so irredeemably awful it should promptly be blown apart, maybe terrorism should be selective, or maybe we should patch, mend and make do. Maybe we're all guilty of conniving in social evil, maybe most of us are, and maybe just some. So the debate continues, with the cast haring down ladders, scrambling across podia and slumping on to stools to interject some new notion about the inequality of wealth, power and justice. It is all very hectic and dedicated, but after two hours the problems of subluminary man are still proving somewhat slippery, so the evening comes to its end with a great moan of 'no answer, no answer!'.

Not quite, though, Mr Bowen himself, silent in the tramlines till now, suddenly unravels himself, stands up, and suggests we should all trek off to the bar, there to continue the argument. This was an invitation I resisted, because, in all candour, I wasn't confident of being vastly enlightened by a conversation with actors and actresses whose intellectual contribution had hitherto consisted of making a set script sound as if it was being lustily improvised. Indeed, what gives the evening its interest isn't so much its content, which is spread far too

Dan Fletcher

Time Off

He stacked the logs in rows against a wall,
Swept up damp leaves, did a few guestly things
(Though still a lover, lovers are always guests),
Half-rueful about a style so pastoral

And aching really to go in, to where
A mess of Fragonard waited for completion
Under a lamp, while the river went through its motions
Five paces away from the woodsmoke, the cottage fire.

Weekend in the country: jigsaws, banked smoulder of sex
As a tall fair woman, lending an ear to ragtime,
Sliced up onions and God knows what in the kitchen
And he fingered pieces, paws gone raw from the axe,

Exiled and happy, lost and entirely at home
On a high strawed stool (Noah's Ark rain starting gently),
Wined and near mindless, sinking the stuff into order,
Here a red, there a leaf. Oh, he knew Rome

Was not built in a day, not so, but puzzles are:
Do for a day, can be done, done in a day or dazedly
Sprawl their demands into night, are easeful
As a woman entering, saying: 'Supper's there.'

Now, back in the box, the game is a set of splinters.
Any number can play. The same old bits are available.
Viz. love, guilt, bed, joy, jokes (some rather risky).
Those logs were piled against another's winter.

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thin to be anything but elementary, skimpy and slapdash, as the glimpse it offers of a gifted writer in a torment of frustration, very characteristic of our age. Frustration, obviously, as a conscientious, puzzled, helpless citizen, but also frustration as a dramatist who has, it seems, come to feel that audiences can't be trusted with naturalistic plots, implicit morals and firm, finite denouements. Give them those, and they'll simply go home and forget, thus confirming everyone's worst suspicions about the impotence of the theatre and the irrelevance of the dramatist. If this is so, it is certainly frustrating, and one sympathises with Mr Bowen in his determination to be different; but I'm not at all sure that an open-ended seminar in civics is a much more effective answer.

Finally, a raucous, vulgar and disconcertingly funny assault on the nerves of anyone still tempted to sentimentalise the northern working class. If you enjoy Bill Tidy's cartoon Cloggies, you'll quickly succumb to the entertainment he's concocted with Alan Plater, a family saga about tripe, tripe-kings and tripe-wars: the *Hobson's Choice* of the post-*Python* era.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Sob-Editor

So Claudius finally got his, felled by a mushroom. For those of us who've been having our food tasted these past few Monday nights it's going to be hard to settle for the tame spectacle of Jack Regan kicking some villain in the balls, and it was touchingly appropriate therefore that the BBC should postscript the final episode of *I, Claudius* with an hour-long *Horizon* on bereavement. Derek Jacobi was still hurrying to catch the ferry when our screens were filled with a dozen stricken mourners – not there to see him off, but to attend a seminar at the Tavistock Centre under the aegis of one Colin Murray Parkes, the lugubrious author of a book about what it feels like to lose loved ones. Since the audience at his seminar mainly comprised the very mourners whom from time to time we saw being interviewed by him on film, it was disconcerting to find Murray Parkes lecturing them on the subject as if they couldn't possibly know anything about it. 'There are four stages in the mourning process . . . first, a sense of shock, a numbness', and so on. Four, not five.

Well, thank you very much. At least half the programme was given over to plodding banalities of this kind ('adults don't behave exactly like children: adults don't cry – we tend to sob'), and another quarter of it to some embarrassingly hammed-up renderings by Joss Ackland of bits from C. S. Lewis's *A Grief Observed*. This didn't leave much time for the bereaved themselves to get their word in, but when they did the programme intermittently sparked into life – well, got more fun to watch. There was the mother who knew that what her dead son would have wanted was for her to get the rugby club round to her place for an all-night wake: 'We laughed a lot, and cried a lot and had a real good party.' And there was a nice moment when a bereft mother showed us where her tot's ashes had been buried in the garden; there was no disguising her sheer home-owner's relish in the nice way the little grave had been done up: 'Grandad's proud as usual, and Nana's over the moon.' Sturdily human touches of this kind shamed the arid theorising that occupied most of the show.

Laurence Olivier's new series *The Best Play of . . .* (Granada) looks as if it might turn into an 'out-act me' competition between stars. Certainly, there was an immense self-consciousness about the performances of all concerned in his first offering, Harold Pinter's *The Collection*. Alan Bates seemed most at home in his part, not least because it bore similarities (bland, 'menacing' inscrutability) to some of his recent Simon Gray roles; it's going to be hard for him, one fears, to get back to registering overt passions. Malcolm Macdowell looked throughout as if he wished someone would tell *him* whether the character he played had really done what others said he'd done – not a worry actors ought to have when playing Pinter parts. Helen Mirren seemed similarly puzzled, but in her case it didn't matter much – if *The Collection* had been a stage play, it's unlikely that there would have been a part for her at all. She introduces suggestions of explicitness and thus rather weakens the network of suspicion and sexual ambivalence which builds up between the men. Olivier had chosen for himself (and this, one reads, is to be his policy throughout the series) a 'small gem of a part'; that of the ageing homosexual dress designer who puts up, and puts up with, the winsome Macdowell. As always, his presence diminishes those around him, and not always in the best interests of the play; but his one key speech towards the end had at least three rivetingly subtle touches that no one else would have been *able* to pull off, even if they'd had the nerve to think of them.

Who, according to a recent Gallup poll, do Britons most admire in the world next to H. Kissinger? I didn't believe it myself but it seems that it's none other than Ted 'I don't see any point in dwelling on the past' Heath. On *Weekend World* (LWT) Peter Jay's grovellingy awed tribute to Heath's 'come-back' was the prelude to some fairly tough questioning – or it appeared tough; with Jay it's often hard to distinguish severity from prolixity, since his questions are invariably longer than the replies they are pretending to solicit. The fascination of the interview was in observing Heath's carefully judged attitude of respect for the Government; he was critical of course, but mutedly, and he got scornful a few times when it came to defending his own record. But I think most of us would have liked to see Jay ask him whom he'd *really* like to win the next election. If pressed hard – who knows? – he may crack up and whimper something like: 'What people want now is a new path that has learned the lessons of the past.' With unfeeling aptness, *Weekend World* devoted its second half to an excellently sensible and detailed explanation of the miners' latest claim to be treated as a special case.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Metamorphosis

New London Ballet, *Wimbledon*
Royal Ballet, *Covent Garden*
London Contemporary Dance Theatre, *Sadler's Wells*

Three very different companies have suddenly deluged us with new works in surprisingly similar styles, and the most satisfying ones have come from the least established group. New London Ballet formed three-and-a-half years ago by Galina Samsova and André Prokovsky, is so unestablished that, short of some financial miracle, it will be closing down in three months time. Dying with a bang, it has produced two more ballets by Prokovsky and given Northern Dance Theatre's Jonathan Thorpe his first opportunity to work outside Manchester. Prokovsky's *Soft Blue Shadows* provided a further link with Northern Dance – they have already done the opening pas de deux as a separate item. It's a four-part work, using three cello solos and the five Venetian songs by Fauré, linked together in *Dances at a Gathering* style by dancers watching each other and forming varied groupings for each number. Prokovsky's choreography is not particularly original but it is always musical and well designed to show off his dancers, in this case not only himself and Samsova but also particularly Marian StClaire, Michael Beare and Michael Ho. *Faust Divertimento*, made by Prokovsky and Samsova, is basically the old Soviet divertissement, but less vulgar and more charming.

Metamorphosis, to the first three movements of a Mendelssohn octet, confirms Jonathan Thorpe as our most accomplished young choreographer. A semi-abstract work, it seems to have been influenced by Balanchine's *Serenade* and by Ashton's Mendelssohn ballet *The Dream*. Michael Ho appears as a Puck-like character, leaping around awakening dancers, bringing them together and separating them again. There are some genuinely original choreographic touches, and a strange ending has the dancers 'metamorphosed' into swaying plants and then into a huge flower-plant, with Ho as its stamen. Both programmes at Wimbledon were well balanced, including showpiece pas de deux, Prokovsky's stylish and invigorating *Vespri*, with guest artist Maina Gielgud as a poised and witty ballerina, and Peter Darrell's dramatic *Othello*, in which Patrick Wood's Cassio made a good foil to the three familiar principals, Prokovsky, Samsova and Beare.

The Royal and Contemporary Dance have

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also given us semi-abstract works, two of them to French music. The Royal's novelties are actually imports from Stuttgart and Holland. Glen Tetley's *Voluntaries*, to Poulenc's concerto for organ, strings and percussion, was very popular when the Stuttgart dancers did it here, and it has undeniable theatrical impact. Many of the spiritual and threatening elements in the score seem to be ignored by Tetley's rather arbitrary choreography, and I'm inclined to think the impact spurious and short-lived. Both Seymour and Makarova are excellent in the lead, handsomely partnered by David Wall, and Mark Silver and Derek Deane shine in the pas de trois.

Hans van Manen's *Adagio Hammerklavier* is a gimmicky setting of Beethoven piano music, not helped by the men's strange costumes – patterned woolly longjohns and metal necklaces – nor by being made the centrepiece of a distinctly subfusc gala. Makarova showed her ever-increasing versatility by her split-second timing and assurance in the strange semaphoring and sideways glances which are meant to indicate the obliquities of human relationships; Wayne Eagling, and Wall and Silver again, were also admirable. Perhaps it will seem more worthwhile in another programme.

The *Bayadère* which opened the gala was no advertisement for the Royal Ballet, except for the corps and Lesley Collier. The divertissements were ill-chosen, dominated by Seymour's Isadora Duncan dances, already seen at the recent Sadler's Wells gala, and by Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins of New York City Ballet in Balanchine's *Tchaikowsky Pas de Deux*: both had exactly the kind of virtuosity that this gala desperately needed.

Contemporary Dance seem set for a very successful season, serious consideration of which must await my round-up of the year in a fortnight's time. Meanwhile, Cohan's *Nympheas*, to Debussy piano pieces, shows that his dancers can now be almost classical – which is ambiguous praise. The pas de deux for Siobhan Davies and Robert North was ballet without pointwork or skating without ice. It was very attractive and would have been more so with one of those ingredients added.

Weekend Competition

No 2442 **Set by Russell Lucas**

Compose a sonnet, on any aspect of 1977 (we'll be extremely flexible on this point), using all the vowels but only 5, any 5, of the consonants (on this point we'll be extremely strict). By December 30.

No 2439 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

If Conrad rewrote James the result might be a novel called *The Turn of the Crew*. So what else is new?

Report **by Fat Jeff**

Dickens/Bram Stoker's *Our Mutual Fiend* was the most popular entry, closely followed by Orwell/Herriott's *Animal Charm*. But there was much funnier stuff than this about the place: one of the bulkiest entries in living memory, so a measly Wilson – i.e. 50p – per title. Enjoy.

Auden/Ackerley: *Thank You, Dog*. Dickens/Gore Vidal: *Bloke House*. Connolly/Molly Parkin: *Enemas of Promise*. J. Wain/F. Raphael: *Sprightly Punning*. V. Woolf/Beckett: *To the Shithouse*. Sartre/N. Dempster: *Le Nosé*. PADDY BEESLEY

Pam Ayres/Clive James: *Some of Me Poms*. Osborne/Betjeman: *Look Back In Ongar*. Orwell/Egon Ronay: *Dining Out in London and Paris*. Orwell/Dick Francis: *Animal Form*. R. D. Laing/Tolkien: *The Divided Elf*. E. M. O. ELSE and D. M. FIELD

James/Conrad: *Transatlantic Ketches, The Golden Bows, The Astern Papers*. Izaac Walton/ H. Wilson: *The Compleat Wangler*. Kipling/D. Healey: 'Imf'. JOHN BENNETT

L. Lee/Wilde: *Cider with Bosie*. Murdoch/Rhodes-Boyson: *A Severe Head*. F. M. TOLLEY

Golding/C. P. Snow: *Lord of the Files*. George Eliot/K. Amis: *Felix Dolt, The Radical*. Forster/Foot: *A Passage to Indira*. Defoe/Greene: *Travels with my *unt*.* NICHOLAS MURRAY

I. Amin/Anna Sewell: *Black Booty*. E. Waugh/P. Hain: *Vile Bobbies*. W. S. BROWNLIE

Hardy/Rhodes Boyson: *Return of the Dative*. Shakespeare/Robert Pirsig: *King Gear*. E. B. Browning/M. Thatcher: *Bonnets from the Portuguese*. BARRIE PASKINS

Lawrence/Richard Gordon: *Lady Chatterley's Liver*. Flaubert/Henry Miller: *Madame Ovary*. Iris Murdoch/Kissinger: *Henry and Nato*. R. D. CONDON

Anthony Burgess/Desmond Morris: *A Clockwork Orang*. MICHAEL BIRT

Gore Vidal/ Roald Amundsen: *Brrr*. SUSAN H. LLEWELLYN

Conrad/G. Wynn: *Snigger of the Narcissus*. Ballantyne/Golding: *Moral Island*. IAN L. PHILLIPS

Waugh/Health Education Council: *Put Out More Fags*. Macdonald Fraser/De Sade: *Lashman*. TOM DONNELLY

Robert Graves/Clarence Mulford: *Hi, Claudius*. Hemingway/Trollope: *The Old Men and the See*. W. H. YOUNG

Waugh/C. S. Forester: *Sloop*. Wilde/Elizabeth David: *Lady Windermere's Flan*. MARY SCOTT

John Berger/Anna Sewell: *GG*. Lawrence Durrell/Field Marshal Montgomery: *Tanc*. YVONNE REED

Tom Stoppard/Trotsky: *Dirty Lenin*. RUSSELL LUCAS

Dante/Noël Coward: *The Too-Divine Comedy*. TIM O'DOWDA

K. Amis/Nabokov: *Girl 10*. R. J. HOOPER

Kipling/Richard Ingrams: *Just-Sue Stories*. COLIN PHILLIPS

Wilkie Collins/Germaine Greer: *Woman in White's*. JIM ATHONY

Proust/Martin Fagg: *A la Recherche du Comps Perdu*. PETER ALEXANDER

Tony Miles

Chess

No 11 **England's Women's Team**

Lest I fall foul of the Sex Discrimination Act I feel I must devote some space to the one real English success at Haifa, namely the English women's team. For the first time in women's Olympiads matches were played over three boards instead of two – in recognition of both the increasing quantity and improving quality of women's chess. Due to the relatively small number of entries – only 23 – the event was divided into four preliminary groups with the top two from each group qualifying for the final. England comfortably won their group, scoring 12½/15 ahead of Spain 10½, France 8, Italy 7, Sweden 5½ and New Zealand 1½.

In the final they started disastrously, losing 1-2 to Australia and ½-2½ to Israel. But successive 2½-½ victories against West Germany and top-seeded Holland lifted them back into contention. Eventually they required only to draw with the US in the last round to clinch the silver medals. This was duly achieved, despite a ludicrous protest from the American board 1 who apparently disliked being mated.

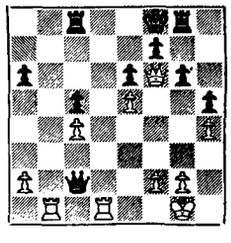
The competition was dominated by the Israeli team, composed entirely of former Russian players, who won by a margin of 5½ points. The final scores were Israel 17/21, England and Spain 11½ (England placed second on superior match points), US 10½, Holland 9½, West Germany 9, Australia 8½ and Denmark 6½. Of the individual English scores, on board 1 Jana Hartston scored 9/11, second only to Israel's Kushnir (7½/8), Sheila Jackson 6/9, Elaine Pritchard 5/8 and Susan Caldwell 4/8.

This game took place in the preliminaries:

White: S. Jackson. Black: B. Pernici (Italy).

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. N-KB3, N-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. N x P, N-B3; 5. N-QB3, P-Q3; 6. B-B4, P-K3; 7. 0-0, P-QR3; 8. P-QR4. 8. B-N3 is more usual. **8. . . . B-K2; 9. B-K3, 0-0; 10. Q-K2, Q-B2; 11. B-N3, N-K4; 12. P-R3, B-Q2; 13. P-B4, N-B3; 14. K-R1, QR-B1; 15. P-B5, N x N; 16. B x N, P x P?** This leaves black's Q4 square weak and increases the scope of white's KB. **17. P x P, B-B3; 18. QR-K1, KR-K1; 19. Q-B2, P-QN4; 20. P x P, P x P; 21. Q-N3, N-R4; 22. Q-N4, N-B3; 23. Q-N5, P-R3; 24. Q-N3, P-N5.** Not now 24 . . . N-R4; **25. Q-N6! 25. N-K4!** Exploiting the pinned BN to transfer more pieces to the K side. **25. . . . B x N; 26. R x B, B-B1.** Otherwise 27. R(1)-K1 is crushing. **27. R x R, N x R; 28. P-B6, P-N4.** Forced. **29. P-R4, Q-R4; 30. Q-Q3!** A neat finish. Now if 30. . . . K-R1; 31. B x P or 30 . . . P-Q4; 31. P x P, P x P; 32. Q-B5 decides. **30. . . . P x P; 31. Q-N6 ch. Resigns.**

Problem 11:
White to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 21 December.



Solution to Problem 9:

Yes. 1. K-N5, K-B2; 2. P-B4! B-K5; 3. B-B2! K-N2; 4. P-N4! RP x P; (best) 5. P-R5, P x P; 6. P-R8=Q! B x Q; 7. K xBP with a won ending, e.g. 7. . . . K-B2; 8. K-N5, B-B6; 9. P-R7, B-Q4; 10. B-R4, B-B6; 11. P-B5, K-N2; 12. B-N3, K-B2; 13. B-K5, B-K5; 14. K x RP, P-N6; 15. B x P, K-B3; 16. K-N4! B x Pch; 17. K-B4 winning.

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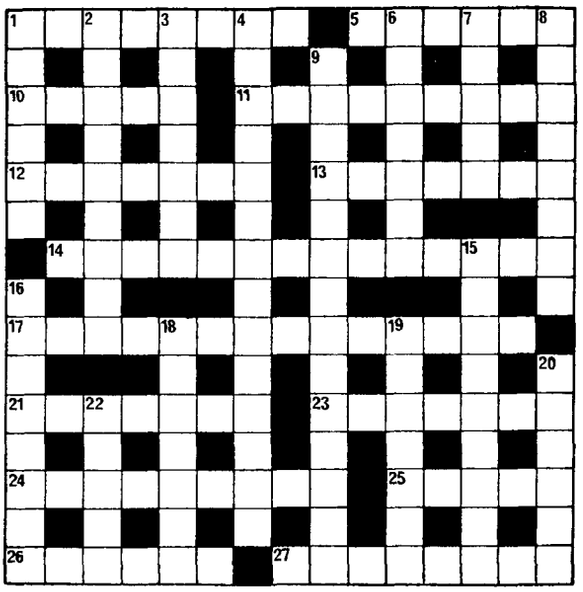
Weekend Crossword 1194

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1194, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 20 Dec.



ACROSS

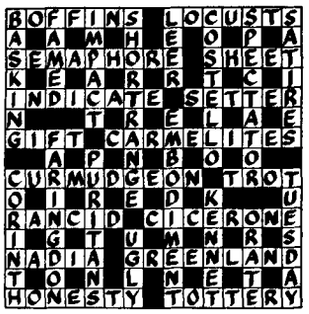
1. They are sodden and unkind according to Belloc (8).
5. Grumble about half of life being faith (6).
10. 'That suck'd the honey of his —— vows' *(Hamlet)* (5).
11. Trash I can stir up as a revolutionary (9).
12. Smoking jackets? (7).
13. 'Pinnacled dim in the —— inane' (Shelley) (7).
14. Reduce the captain's position in a game (8, 6).
17. Language in which I name a vessel after a lot of children (9, 5).
21. Conclude with a little number which is hell (7).
23. Height which gives one something cold to put on (7).
24. I am embraced by a crazy fool after a drink in the minister's office (9).
25. Dance for Oliver (5).
26. Got mother to beg for the stuff (6).
27. 'And thus the whirligig of time brings in his ——' *(Twelfth Night)* (8).

DOWN

1. History faculty? (6).
2. Odd odes named for tragic heroine (9).
3. Regarding about a hundred and one as old (7).
4. Mixed classes read old writings (4, 3, 7).
6. Electric gadget which could make one erect ten (7).
7. He was bound to turn (5).
8. Found in a bundle it can scoff at heredity being adopted (8).
9. Escaped looter I disturbed receives signals from outer space (5, 9).
15. Wasting away in a cold wind lingering feeble (9).
16. Was niggardly, having the manuscript priced wrongly (8).
18. Groups go up with airmen in to make attacks (7).
19. Preacher who would still have a drink if he lost his job (7).
20. Combines one with two points (6).
22. The market-place is universal in shape (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1192



Prizewinners to No 1192

Edwin Shill (Dublin)
Chris Pass (Hayes)
Michael Hoyle (Amsterdam)

APPOINTMENTS

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This Chair is vacant following the appointment of Professor G. N. Blainey to the Ernest Scott Chair of History.

Applications are invited from scholars in any field of economic history.

At present research and teaching in the Department cover aspects of international economic history, Australian, Asian and Latin American economic history, the economic history of the USA, and the history of economic thought.

SALARY: at present $A29,048 per annum.

Further information, including research and teaching undertaken in the Department, staffing, enrolments, details of application procedure, superannuation, travel and removal expenses, housing assistance and conditions of appointment, is available from the Registrar of the University or from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF. All correspondence (marked 'Confidential') should be addressed to The Registrar, The University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria, 3052, Australia.

Applications close on 28 February 1977.

UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE

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Applications are invited for the Chair of Social Work, which will become vacant on 1 January, 1978, following the retirement of the Foundation Professor, Professor V. S. Lewis. Applicants should be distinguished in social work, education and research.

SALARY: $A29,048 per annum.

Further information, including research and teaching undertaken in the Department, staffing, enrolments, details of application procedure, superannuation, travel and removal expenses, housing assistance and conditions of appointment, is available from the Registrar of the University or from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF. All correspondence (marked 'Confidential') should be addressed to The Registrar, The University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052, Australia.

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Further details and application forms may be obtained from the **Principal, Dundee College of Education, Gardyne Road, Dundee, DD5 1NY,** and should be returned not later than **7 January 1977.**

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 92 No. 2386

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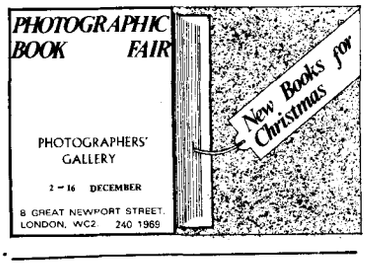
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WORDS & MIRRORS. Jack Carey reads poems from his first major collection published by Salamander Imprint, on Wed. 15 Dec. 7 p.m. at the National Poetry Centre, 21 Earl's Court Sq., SW5. (01-235 7372).

TALKS & POEMS: a reading by Kay Bourne, Barry Cole, June Langfield, John Roberts, Stuart Smith, Robert St Library, 16 Dec. 8 p.m.

Meetings

B.R.P.F., I.R.R., R.A.P.E. Zimbabwe Teach-In 'Neo Colonialism or Liberation?' Sun. 12 Dec. 10.30 a.m.-6 p.m. 34/6 Bedford Square, WC1. Reg. fee – entrance & background papers £2.00 (£1.00 Students, unemployed) payable to B.R.P.F., Gamble Street, Nottingham. (A Z.I.P.A. spokesman. Panel also to include, Sutcliffe, Cross, Stoneman & Cliffe).

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'ANCIENT CHINESE SCIENCE in its Modern Social Context': Talk by Joseph Needham, Science historian & Orientalist. Fri. 10 Dec. at 19.00 hrs. 'The People are the Real Heroes', Roland Berger, economist, talks about China's industrial & agricultural successes. Wed. 15 Dec. 19.00 hrs, Architectural Association, 36 Bedford Sq. WC1. Adm. 60p (Students 30p). An exhibition of the Peasant Paintings from Hu county, Shensi province, China, now showing at the Warehouse Gallery, 52 Earlham St, Covent Garden, WC2 until 23 Dec. (Mon.-Sat. 11.00-19.00 hrs). Arts Council Exhibition.

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